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WOMAN'S EYE.

BY T. C.

A brilliant star that lights in love,
In joy becomes a beam;
'Tis placed to shine the heart above,
True index of its gleam.

It speaks no word, but on its ray
A gift of nature's hung,
More eloquent than poet's lay,
More sweet than siren's tongue.

A Slandered Memory

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER," "IN SEARCH OF HIM," "WHICH WAS HER DEAREST," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE morning room at the Nunnery looked inexpressibly comfortable when Cuthbert Iredell entered it the next morning. The fire was burning brightly, a tiny kettle stood before it on a brass stand. The table was laid with appetising freshness, and on the soft hearthrug stood Pierrepoint, one foot on the fender, an open letter in her hand.

She was dressed in a loose dark-green tea-gown of warm soft serge; a cluster of scarlet rowan berries was placed among the lace and ribbons at her throat.

Although Cuthbert thought that a woman should always come down to breakfast completely attired for the day, he was yet constrained to admit that Olive's gown was becoming, if unusual; and there was not the slightest trace of disharbille about her beautifully arranged hair.

She raised her head as he came in, and smiled.

"I hope you are completely rested and refreshed after your long wet tramp of yesterday," she said, holding out her small hand.

"Oh, perfectly, thanks! It was nothing at all: and your luxurious breakfast hour enables a man to cram two night's rest into one."

"Yes," laughing—"I am afraid we are Sybarites, we women," she said. "Tante," so she designated the Fraulein—"always breakfasts in her room; she cannot get used to the English customs. Mrs. Iredell is earlier than I, as a rule, except on a hunting morning."

He turned eagerly to her.

"Hunting? Do you hunt?"

"I have just begun, and find it enchanting. I was always very fond of riding."

"Have they a good pack here?"

"A capital one! The M. F. H. is Sir Charles Mauleverer, a most fascinating young Baronet whose place is at Great Marchfield, about five miles from here. He is an enthusiastic sportsman."

"When is the next meet?" asked Iredell quickly, his face brightening.

"Next Monday, at Sir Charles's place, the Dene. There is plenty of good cover here."

"I wonder if one could get a mount," said Iredell. "I have not hunted since I was nineteen, and a farmer near where we used to live lent me a hunter of his own, because I was always so eager to be out with the hounds. A queer brute he was, and a regular roarer; but the way he would go! You have no idea what he was. I never knew him refuse a leap."

"Really!" Olive's eyes sparkled. "Oh, we must find you a mount somehow!" she exclaimed. "I wonder how it could be managed. My Jessie would not carry you, I know what we will do! We will ride this morning—you can have Jacobite, the carriage-horse—he carries a saddle very well—to Dunning, to the livery stables there, and see if they have anything that would suit you. The man is a judge of horseflesh; he was Squire Phelp's stud-groom for years. I think he is to be relied on."

"If you will trust me with your noble horse—"

"I shall be only too delighted to have you ride him instead of Tom Lloyd, my groom, who saws his tender mouth, I am certain."

"If you had seen my two Manitoba beauties!" said Iredell regretfully. "I am not ashamed to tell you, Miss Pierrepoint, that I shed tears on parting with them. They will have a good master—that is my only consolation."

"I can quite understand your feeling," observed Olive sympathetically.

"My dear Olive, how shall I apologise for my late appearance?" cried Mrs. Iredell, hurrying in. "Why did you both wait breakfast for me? I am quite ashamed of myself. But I had a wretched night—the result of the excitement caused by that bad boy's appearance—and I dropped off heavily to sleep after I was called. Come—sit down!"

"We were both so interested that we had forgotten breakfast, I think," said Olive, taking a seat at the table. "We have discovered one taste which we possess in common—horses!"

"Ah, of course," cried Mrs. Iredell, "I had quite forgotten that! Cuthbert, we must see about a mount for you, my dear boy."

"We have just been discussing that very subject," said Olive eagerly; and she proceeded to unfold to Mrs. Iredell her schemes, which met with decided approval.

The morning was not wet, though cloudy and damp.

"A good ride would just be the thing," said Miss Pierrepoint.

Accordingly the bell was rung and the horses were ordered for half past eleven.

The breakfast proceeded with much cheerful talk and laughter. Cuthbert noticed that his mother did not look so youthful by daylight as at night. This morning there was a haggard look on her face which he had not noticed on the preceding evening.

Presently Olive remarked:

"You look quite ill and tired this morning, Mrs. Iredell. You should not have got up."

"I shall feel better presently. I am growing old, and it does not suit me to have my rest broken," Mrs. Iredell returned, with a smile which had some sadness in it.

Her eyes were fixed upon her son as he did justice to the hot fried ham and kidneys with a frank and undisguised appetite, proceeding easily to eggs, and then to tea cake and marmalade.

"I can't think how it is I have such an appetite," he remarked. "Usually I do a couple of hours' work before I break my fast; but to-day I have done nothing."

"It is our air; the air of Little Marchfield is considered very fine," said his beautiful mother.

"I am glad to hear it—though, from an artistic point of view, I can't say I admire the neighborhood," replied Cuthbert. "What first induced you to come down here?"

"I came over for the day to see an old friend—you remember old Miss Simpson, Cuthbert?—and I saw such a pretty little cottage to let at half the rent we paid for the old house at Mickly," said Mrs. Iredell in a slightly embarrassed way, "so I decided to move here."

Iredell looked doubtingly at his mother, oppressed by an idea that she had other motives for her conduct than those she chose to give.

Well, she had promised to tell him all that day; but the disclosure must wait until after his ride.

He was longing to get into the saddle, and the prospect of Miss Pierrepoint as a companion was anything but an unpleasant one.

"I go to array myself," observed that young lady, pushing back her chair from the table. "Mr. Iredell, know that I am the most punctual of mortals."

"It is so strange to me to be called 'Iredell' again," Cuthbert said, rising from the table with a smile. "I always went under the name of 'Walrond' in Manitoba."

"Really! Why was that?"

"It is my second name, you know; and my godfather, after whom I was called, and who left me his lands in Manitoba, requested that I would take the name of 'Walrond' out there. I was very glad to do so, having a foolish idea that, because my father had been a Colonel, I would rather that a farmer should not bear the name of 'Iredell.'"

"I understand your feeling, but I think it foolish for all that," said Olive, pausing in the doorway. "Why should it degrade a man to be a farmer? It does not degrade him in the least! Oh, we English, how foolish we are about things like that!"

Mrs. Iredell had listened with interest to the last few sentences.

When Miss Pierrepoint had left the room she gathered up her keys with a little pretence of being very busy, as if she were nervous at being along with her son.

She glanced furtively in his direction as he stood with his back to the fireplace, his hands behind him and his eyes fixed upon the ground, apparently meditating on Miss Pierrepoint's last remark. In a few moments he had roused himself.

"I suppose," he said to his mother, "it is all right for me to ride with her—isn't it?"

"My dear, you must either do so or not ride at all—there is no one to go with you," was her reply.

"Well, if she has no objection, I am sure I have none," he answered with alacrity. "I must just go and see my riding suit is in order—I don't want to disgrace you;" and, striding out of the room, he ran up stairs, whistling, leaving his mother with a look of relief on her face.

"I know enough of women to be aware that that sort of man is very fascinating," she was reflecting. "She sympathises with him already; they will be thrown together continually, as they both like riding. Why should she not take a fancy to him? She has good manners—nobody knows anything about her antecedents; she is rich, and, if she is a flirt, I fancy Cuthbert would soon stop that. Sir Charles Mauleverer will never marry her—a girl whose mother danced in the ballet—his people would not suffer it. Oh, if this could but come about, and my poor boy were not doomed to go out and begin the world afresh, how grateful I should be!"

Olive Pierrepoint came down stairs an hour latter in a faultlessly fitting habit and coquettish hat, with gloves, whip and all complete, a tiny gold horse shoe fastening her white linen collar.

With an admiring glance, Cuthbert lifted her into the saddle.

"That's what we call out West 'a peart little hoss,' he said, patting Jessie's glossy neck.

"Isn't she a beauty? And she has the temper of a saint! I don't believe she was ever in a tantrum," answered Olive, caressing the spirited little black mare. "Morgan, Jacobite did not go out yesterday, did he?"

"No, miss."

"Then he is pretty fresh?"

"Yes, miss."

"Equal to a good deal?"

"He'll go well to-day, miss."

"That's all right! We won't promise to be punctual, Mrs. Iredell—keep some luncheon for us!"—and Olive waved her hand merrily to Cuthbert's mother, who stood at the door watching the pair go down the drive.

It was an invigorating morning.

A keen breeze had sprung up, the gay hazy clouds were parting, leaving patches of pale soft blue, and now and then there were bursts of sunshine.

Cuthbert looked well in the saddle.

The horse he rode, though no match for the beautiful little blood mare at his side, was still a good serviceable mount, well groomed and quite up to his work.

It was delightful to be starting for a ride with a fine woman at his side, a fair sky above, and a good stretch of country before him.

It was all so different from what he had imagined his first day at his mother's home would be.

In his good spirits he quite forgot what disclosures awaited him, what dark chapter in the family history was to be related to him that day.

He only felt the rush of the cool fresh wind in his face, the long regular swing of the horse beneath him, and the exhilaration of youth; for he was young still.

"I am going to take you to the common," cried Olive, turning to him; "it is a glorious bit of turf, and lies so high that it is always dry. Jacobite can do a little leaping;" and by the look in her eyes, Iredell saw she was bent on finding out whether Jacobite's rider could also do a little leaping.

This just suited Cuthbert, so he joyfully acquiesced, and they turned the horses' heads up the long tedious road leading to the common.

Here they slackened rein a little, and Olive began to talk of Manitoba.

There was a witchery about the girl's manner which rendered her fascinating in a way quite her own.

Men always began by feeling sure that they would not like this girl; they ended usually with a conviction life would be worthless if she did not like them.

But, from the moment that she bowed to Cuthbert in the drawing room at the Nunnery, she had felt that he must be approached in a different manner.

He was unlike most men—she could see that at a glance.

But she meant to subdue him—she always meant to subdue every man she met. However, she had not yet settled on her exact plan of campaign, and almost everything she said to him as they rode along was said with the intention of finding out as much about him as she could.

She reached the brow of the hill with the irritating conviction that it was very hard indeed to find out anything about him; he was exceedingly reserved.

The sun shone with great brilliancy as they reached the summit, and before them stretched the breezy common, picturesque in its desolation, though the bracken was yellow and faded, and the heather black with the recent frosts.

They had a good long gallop over the grassy down.

Neither of them spoke for some minutes as they dashed on swiftly, though each was privately approving the other's seat on horseback. Presently they drew bridle to admire the wide stretch of country before them, and then Miss Pierrepoint led the way to a favorite leap of hers, a piece of water such as is frequently to be seen in steeplechasing.

"We won't try that to-day," she said,

"for Jacobite can't do it."

"Can't he?"

"No. Morgan put him to it the other day; he refused it three times, and then jumped short, and was dreadfully nervous and startled afterwards—bolted a long way before Morgan could stop him."

"Show me the sort of leap he can take," said Iredell. "I want to try him."

They rode toward some rails, and saying—

"I'll give you a lead," she let Jessie canter up to them and the mare sprang over lightly.

Jacobite followed well enough; and then Cuthbert cried—

"Oh, he's lazy. He could take a much bigger leap than that."

"So I have thought once or twice," returned Olive, turning round with sparkling eyes, and controlling neatly the jumps and skips of Jessie, who had rather lost her head.

Iredell wheeled round with decision.

"Back," he cried, "I am going to put him to that water."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "don't Mr. Iredell, don't! It's so late in the year, the ground is like a sponge! When Morgan tried it, there was hardly any water there; please don't do it!" she went on earnestly, riding up to his side.

"All right—he can't hurt me; I am used to croppers," returned Cuthbert. "But," suddenly, "perhaps it is for the horse you are afraid? I forgot he was borrowed."

"Oh, how can you speak so? I would trust you anywhere with a horse!" she declared vehemently. "But the ground is so treacherous—— What are you doing?"

Iredell had dismounted, and was passing a firm light hand down Jacobite's forelegs. Then he slapped the glossy flanks of his horse, examined his head and smoothed his neck.

"In first rate condition," he said—"not in the least the worse for that long gallop, never turned a hair. He ought to do that leap with ease. If you will permit me to experiment with him, I'll put him to it, Miss Pierrepoint."

"I would give you a lead," returned Olive doubtfully; "but I hardly like to put Jessie to it with the ground so treacherous."

"No doubt," he said hurriedly. "Don't! I think I can make him take it, at any rate, I will try."

So saying, he remounted, turned the horse, cantered him round in a half-circle, and then headed him straight for the water.

Jacobite refused it. With patience, Iredell put him to it again, and a second time the horse declined, but evidently from obstinacy and not fear.

Cuthbert set his teeth and lowered his eyebrows, slightly squaring his shoulders. Olive forgot everything in the excitement of watching him as he for the third time brought Jacobite up to his work.

There was a moment's breathless excitement, a bound, a swift rush through the keen air with the gleam of pale water beneath them, and then horse and rider stood safe and triumphant on the firm ground a good way beyond the margin of the pool, which had been cleared with ease.

"Bravo! That's a clever leap—by Jove, it is!" cried a male voice.

Miss Pierrepoint started violently.

So absorbed had she been watching Iredell that she had not noticed the approach of Sir Charles Mauleverer, who now rode up to her with raised cap and smiling face.

"That's a man who knows how to sit his horse," said he. "Friend of yours, Miss Pierrepoint?"

"He is Mrs. Iredell's son," she answered, with a brilliant smile for the new-comer. "He is just home from America."

CHAPTER V.

Sir Charles sat motionless in his saddle watching Iredell with keen eyes as he trotted Jacobite gently round through a gap in the fence and up to where the two were waiting.

"Allow me to make you known to each other," said Miss Pierrepoint. "Mr. Iredell, this is Sir Charles Mauleverer, of whom I spoke to you this morning."

Sir Charles' greeting was rather a surly one.

Somehow "a gentleman who has come home from America" conveys to the British mind an idea of unlimited dollars. The Baronet concluded at once that Iredell was a man, who had, without doubt, either struck ile or found a nugget.

It was intensely disagreeable to Sir Charles to find such a man in company with a woman, whom whether he intended to marry or not, he certainly admired.

He could see how she had approved Cuthbert's plucky leap; he had marked her shining eyes and parted lips. He turned towards his rival with a rather sour countenance, which Olive was quick to note.

The Baronet was a handsome man with blue eyes and a brown moustache; but his forehead was narrow, his mouth cruel, and there was an air of dissipation about him.

"That was a fine leap, Mr. Iredell," he said.

"The horse was well up to it," returned Cuthbert quietly, looking down at Jacobite's sleek sides, which were heaving a little with excitement.

Sir Charles stared critically at the young man.

"Hum!" he inquired presently.

"Very fond of a ride after the hounds, Miss Pierrepoint tells me you have good hunting here."

"We have a lady in the field who rides as straight as ever I saw it done," said Sir Charles, raising his hat to Olive with a smile and a bow.

She laughed and blushed.

"We are on our way to Dunning to try to get a mount for Mr. Iredell," she said; "he thinks he would like to follow on Monday."

"Not got your hunters together yet—only just arrived in England?" queried Sir Charles, in the laconic way which seemed to be characteristic of him.

"Only just," replied Iredell gravely.

"I suppose there's a good deal to be done in the way of money making out there?" the Baronet went on. "Some of them make a nice little thing of it—eh?"

"Some of them certainly do," said Cuthbert, smiling.

"Lucky beggars!" exclaimed Sir Charles with a sigh. "And there's some liberty over there, too; and things are not so expensive as in this worn out old country!"

"Are you thinking of emigrating, Sir Charles?" asked Miss Pierrepoint.

"I? Eh—no! Can't do it. Tied by the leg. Couldn't take my pack with me. Shoot any bears?"

"A few, but it's not my style of sport," replied Cuthbert. "I greatly prefer a good English field-day."

"I hope you'll come and breakfast at the Denes on Monday," said Sir Charles, "both of you. Mrs. Phelps will be in the field, Miss Pierrepoint, so it will be all right. Could mount you easily myself if that is all," he added suddenly to Iredell. "Horses eating their heads off, charity to exercise them. What's the use of going to Dunning?"

"You are very kind, I don't like to be so deeply indebted," began Cuthbert.

"Trust you with any horse I've got, after seeing you take that brute over the ditch. You've what any horse respects: a firm will and quiet temper."

Cuthbert smiled a smile of curious meaning. The Baronet gave him a glance of mingled dislike and admiration.

"I'd like to put you on Wildfire," he added, with a laugh.

"Sir Charles, how can you say that? Is that brute not shot yet? He ought to be!" cried Olive, in a tone of indignation. "Only think," turning to Cuthbert, "he bit his own groom right through the shoulder, and one day he bolted and killed a little child in the road, took him up in his teeth and shook him! He's a perfect fiend of a horse."

"He's a rattling goer," said Sir Charles. "I don't know a horse that has a more perfect pace. It's like sitting in an arm chair. He always leads the field."

"He ought to be shot," declared Olive.

"I should like to ride him," said Cuthbert. "I don't think he'd show his tricks with me."

"You must not think of such a thing," exclaimed Olive.

"No, no; I was merely jesting," said Mauleverer, laughing. "You shall have Linnet, who goes like a bird. And now won't you both come on to the Denes to lunch? My sister will be delighted to see you."

"Thank you, no. We are due at the Nunnery," replied Olive, with decision; "and, as this is Mr. Iredell's first day at home, I daren't keep him too long, you know, from his mother's heart!"

"Ah, quite so!" agreed Sir Charles.

"If you really meant your kind offer of a moment ago," she continued, "we need not go on to Dunning."

"Of course I meant it. One or two men I thought I should have to mount are not coming. Mr. Iredell shall have Linnet."

"I should prefer Wildfire," observed Cuthbert.

Sir Charles laughed, and as he did so a rather sinister light came into his eyes.

Of course, if this wealthy American, with his handsome eyes and bold riding, chose to break his neck, it was nobody's fault but his own; and the Baronet could not help feeling that his removal from the scene so quickly and easily would be rather gratifying than otherwise.

Olive knew every feeling that was passing in his mind as accurately as if he had spoken out his thoughts.

"We will see when Monday comes," he said aloud. "I never dare disobey Miss Pierrepoint's orders. I'll ride with you now as far as the cross roads, if I may."

They turned and set off homewards across the common in a long swinging gallop.

Mauleverer's eyes dwelt admiringly on Olive as she sat gracefully on her little mare, the warm color in her cheeks, a smile on her lips; she was looking dangerously beautiful.

"When are you going to sing to me again, Miss Pierrepoint?" he asked, when at last the turf was left behind and they were proceeding more soberly along the high-road.

"When are you coming again to hear me? You have not been near us for the past fortnight."

"You haven't asked me," said the Baronet sulkily.

"Come and dine quietly to morrow night."

"Thanks, I will. How desperately I had to fish for that invitation.

"I think you asked for it right out," she said laughing.

"I believe I did. Well, those that don't ask don't want, you know. I shall come. *Au revoir!*"

She reigned in Jessie and gave Sir Charles her hand.

"*Au revoir!* Did you say we were to have ladies in the field Monday?"

"Several, I believe. Mrs. Phelps brings over a big house party from Dunning."

"How delightful. I hope we shall have a good run."

"I hope so. If only this open weather lasts! It will be splendid if we get no frost between this and Monday."

So they parted, the Baronet turning homewards, and Cuthbert and Olive pursuing their way somewhat silently.

* * * * * *

It was a feeling of exhilaration to which he had long been a stranger that Iredell awoke on Monday morning, the day of the meet.

He had been nearly a week at the Nunnery, and was no nearer to knowing the mysterious chapter of family history than on the first nay of his arrival. For every day which passed without his demanding to hear it his mother was devoutly thankful.

The fact was, he had reached a crisis in his life.

He had worked ever since he was old enough to understand his mother's position; incessant toil had been his allotted portion, and he had thrown his whole self into his vocation. Now that all the work of the past years seemed wasted, now that he had failed utterly, and was at a loss how to begin again, he felt desperate.

What he had wanted was rest, leisure, a temporary forgetfulness of his difficulties. All this he had found at the Nunnery.

The charms exercised over him by Olive Pierrepoint was instant and potent, though he was as yet deeply unconscious of the fact.

He was not even sure whether he liked her or not; but he was certain that she was an interesting study. He had eyes and ears for no one else.

The two young people were passionately fond of riding, the country-side was eminently fitted for that exercise, and they had horses to ride: it was therefore only natural that they should be in the saddle from morning till night.

There was always Tante to keep Mrs. Iredell comfort at home.

Cuthbert was enthusiastically devoted to music, and Olive had a magnificent voice; therefore no more charming way of spending an evening could be devised than for him to hang over the piano drinking in the glorious notes of the singer and filling up the intervals of song with conversation, while Tante slumbered in her chair, and Mrs. Iredell planned a dinner party and wrote notes of invitation.

No wonder there was no time for long tete-a-tetes between Mrs. Iredell and her son! He was completely absorbed in his study of Miss Pierrepoint's character. He looked neither back nor forward; he determined to live for these few weeks in the agreeable present.

He was feeling particularly buoyant as he sprang out of bed at six o'clock and entered his cold bath by candle light. He had looked out of his window, and the prospect was admirable; the "southerly wind and the cloudy sky" for which his soul hungered would be his. He felt thoroughly up to his work and ready for anything.

On going down stairs, he found Miss Pierrepoint standing before the fire in the dining room drinking hot coffee.

He greeted her with the buoyancy of manner usual to him, and she eyed him keenly as he went over to the breakfast table.

"If we had ordered our day, it could not have been better, could it?" he asked joyfully.

"No, indeed—it is splendid! I do hope we shall have a good run. If only the dogs find quickly! That is the part I care for least—that dawdling about the cold when one's horse and oneself are both longing to be off."

"Yes, it is annoying; but we will hope for good luck this morning. See," he cried suddenly—"there is a pin lying on the ground at your feet! I will pick it up and ensure my day's luck at once."

"What in the world do you mean?" she asked, mystified,

"Don't you know the old rhyme?—

> 'See a pin and pick it up,
> All the day you shall have luck;
> See a pin and let it lay,
> You shall have no luck all day!'"

"I don't know which to admire most—the grammar or the poetry," said Olive, watching with an amused face as he neatly stuck the pin under the flap of his coat.

"There—a good omen to begin the day with!" he exclaimed triumphantly.

"Dear me! Can't I find one?" said Olive, half jesting, half in earnest, moving round the table with her eyes fixed upon the floor in mock anxiety. "Do help me! I want to be lucky too."

"I am afraid the charm will be broken if you do not find the pin yourself," he said regretfully—"in fact, I'm pretty well sure that it will. Never mind! You and I are to be together all the day, I hope, and my own luck is assured already. Mayn't I hope that just for this once my good fortune and yours may be identical?"

Olive did not answer this bold speech. She went to the window, slowly drawing on her riding gloves.

"Here come the horses! Let us mount at once," she said, taking up her whip. "We shall just be in time at the Denes."

From the radiant smile she gave him it was plain that his words had not displeased her.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN they turned in at the gates of the Denes, Sir Charles Mauleverer was standing on the threshold of his fine house—a handsome figure in his pink, as he waved his cap cheerily at his approaching guest.

"You are in first rate time," he said, as he came forward to help Olive to dismount. "Come in! You must eat a good breakfast to fortify yourself for the day's work."

Iredell experienced an unreasonable pang of jealousy as he watched the Baronet take Miss Pierrepoint's slender form in his arms and set her lightly down upon the stone steps.

It seemed as though his arm lingered unnecessarily about her—as if she turned her face towards his with a look of interest, of rather too much gratitude.

Iredell sprang impatiently off Jacobite and turned to the groom who stood very near.

"Will you take him round to the stables until the evening?" he said.

"Yessir! Are you the gentleman Sir Charles is going to mount? Perhaps you'd like to come round to the stables yourself, sir?"

Iredell gazed after Sir Charles and Olive as they disappeared in the great doorway.

Then a sudden thought occured to him, and he turned sharply to the man.

"Yes," he said, "I'll come round to the stables for a minute, if I may. I want to have a look at Wildfire."

"D'you want to ride him, sir?" asked the groom, looking at him curiously.

"If he's a good horse—yes."

"He's the best hunter in our stables, sir; but her's got an awful temper."

"Does Sir Charles ever ride him?"

"Oh, yes, sir. But, when he's hunting with his own pack, he likes a horse as don't take up so much of his time and attention."

"I'll have a look at him," said Iredell, turning away with his arm through Jacobite's bridle.

Meanwhile Miss Pierrepoint and her escort passed through the hall of the Denes and entered the long dining room, where there was a loud clatter of knives, forks and tongues.

There was a momentary silence as Olive

entered and walked up the room; all the men pushed back their chairs and rose.

She bailed with a remarkably graceful bow.

"Oh, please sit down! Don't let me interrupt you."

Then, as she glanced up and down the room, the fact dawned upon her that, with the exception of Sir Charles' two sisters, she was the only lady present.

The Misses Mauleverer were handsome, fair and of middle age.

They regarded a woman in the hunting-field with profound horror. They came of an old hunting family—there had been fox-hounds at the Dares for generations to, but their mother had been of a severe and serious temper, and they had amply repaid her teaching.

These ladies did not love Olive Pierrepoint very dearly. They served tea and coffee to their brother's guests with gloomy serenity; but neither moved forward to welcome the new-comer and she had to walk the whole length of the long room to receive their cold greeting.

"You said there would be ladies here," she murmured to Sir Charles with reproachful eyes.

"So there will be, I assure you there will; but they are all coming over from Dunning, and will breakfast before they start, you know Mrs. Phelps will never turn out a moment before she needs. Sit down."

"Where is Mr. Iredell?" asked Olive, drawing off her riding gloves.

"Gone to the stables to see after his mount, I expect. Can you not be happy for two minutes in his absence."

"How very ridiculous you can be when you try, how very rude!"

"How very unconscious you ladies can be when you try—and how crushing!"

"Take care! It's dangerous to exasperate a hungry woman," she said, laughing, as she took up her knife and fork.

"Look here! Are you going to ride with Iredell all to-day?" he asked sitting down beside her and leaning his head upon his hand. "Because, if so, you may as well say so, at once."

"I have no intention of riding with any special cavalier all to-day, or any other day; it would be deadly dull after a short time."

"Indeed! You must have been horribly bored that day I met you on the common."

"Just so. Your arrival was most opportune."

"Of course; I saw that. Three is always such a nice social number, is it not?"

"You are not nice and sociable, at any rate. What has put you in such a vile temper?"

"You know perfectly well."

She looked him straight in the face.

"I am not in the habit of studying the various moods of my male acquaintances."

"Male acquaintances! Why will you persist in classing me among them?"

"Dear me"—with much surprise—"do you dislike my claiming acquaintance with you? I am indeed sorry to have been so presuming."

"You would exasperate a saint."

"How can you tell? I am sure you have never seen me with a saint, or with anybody approaching one!"

"Not the perfect Iredell?"

"Oh" I dont think Mr. Iredell is a saint, because I never exasperate him! And you say I should be sure to exasperate a saint."

"Never exasperate him? No, I don't suppose you do!" he said with much bitterness. "It is wiser to be on good terms with him, no doubt."

"Certainly, when I have to live in the same house with him," she returned with bland tranquility; "but don't think"—with a warning glance—"that I do not understand your delicate insinuation and appreciate it."

Perhaps she had never said anything which so raised her in the Baronet's estimation.

Her scorn, the tremor of outraged pride, subdued him at once.

"What a brute," he said, "but you do goad a man so."

"What an elegant apology," observed Miss Pierrepoint, laughing.

As she spoke, Iredell walked into the room, and Sir Charles was obliged to rise, to introduce the new-comer to his sisters.

"I hope the Pheipses will not be late; they are terribly unpunctual people!"cried Sir Charles,as the party stood in a group in the hall.

"No wonder Sir Charles is impatient," observed a young Squire to Cuthbert, who stood near; "they say he is good as engaged to Janet Phelps."

"Indeed!" said Iredell, in a tone of surprise,

"Yes. Three months ago everybody thought he was certain to propose; but this handsome Miss Pierrepoint seems to have turned his head."

"Is Miss Phelps pretty?"

"Some men think so; can't say I do; but she's a very good match, heiress of her uncle's fortune, which is enormous; and she's of a good old family too."

"Miss Pierrepoint is an heiress,"remarked Iredell.

"Yes; but I don't think Mauleverer will enter the list there. He's as proud as Lucifer, and she—well she doesn't know who her grandfather was from all accounts."

The young man did not know to whom he was speaking and he was astonished at the angry glow in Iredell's deep-set eyes.

"You had better be careful how you retail such slander about Miss Pierrepoint," said Cuthbert in a tone which he kept for such occasions, and which had a strange effect in quelling those who roused him. "You will find plenty of people ready to tell you their opinion of such talk in a manner more forcible than polite."

"Put my foot into it that time!" reflected the young Squire, as he turned away awkwardly, very angry, but silent, for he was not gifted with any great powers of repartee, and Iredell had taken away his breath.

After that chance remark, it annoyed Cuthbert to see Mauleverer carefully assisting Olive to mount, and talking to her all the time with an air of being on the best of terms.

Just as she was in her saddle a slight commotion was caused by the arrival of a beautiful pale chestnut horse, who chose to walk on his hind legs, and seemed induced to keep to earth only by the fact of having a stable boy hanging to his bridle.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Sir Charles, "Iredell are you going to ride Wildfire?"

"I want to try, Sir Charles."

"You are free to do as you please, of course; but don't hold me responsible if you break your neck."

As Cuthbert stood there, he thought that, if he did break his neck, it would be the easiest solution of a very difficult problem. He hardly saw of what use his life was. His mother, the only being to whom he had been necessary, needed him no longer. Death in the hunting-field appeared rather an exciting, pleasing manner of ending this life. A long wild run, a desperate leap, a sudden shock, and all would be over—everything settled for life, so far as he was concerned.

"It will be entirely the fault of my own foolhardiness if I come to grief," he said, smiling. "I have taken a fancy to ride Wildfire; I must pay for my caprice whatever he chooses to demand."

"Mr. Iredell, are you mad?" It was Olive who spoke.

She learned forward in her saddle and laid her hand upon Cuthbert's shoulder as he stood on the step. He started at her touch.

"How can you be so reckless?" she asked.

"Really, Miss Pierrepoint, I am not going to do anything so very awful—merely to ride a horse with a bad temper, a horse which Sir Charles has ridden himself, so the grooms tell me. Please," a slight expression of annoyance crossed his face, "don't make a fuss about it."

"If he can refuse you anything,he doesn't deserve your pity, Miss Pierrepoint," said Sir Charles with a smile; "but really I think he is all right. Wildfire is bad tempered only at times, and on the day he bolted it was with a fool of a boy who didn't understand him."

"I shall say no more," returned Olive; "but, for his mother's sake, I wonder——"

"Why don't you clinch the matter by saying to him, 'For my sake?' He would ride a cow after that, you know he would!" said Sir Charles.

"I have not the shadow of a right to take such a liberty," she said, low, but very distinctly. "It would be better, I think, if other people had a juster notion of the limits to the license they may give their tongue."

He did not answer, but stood back while Wildfire was led round, and watched Iredell spring into the saddle with the ease of a man accustomed to ride without one.

The horse stood quiet the moment he was mounted, only betraying his nervous excitement by tossing his head and pawing the gravel.

"He ought to have been a mare," said Sir Charly grimly. "I never met anything male with such a temper in my life."

"Didn't you?" queried Iredell, with a smile.

Olive bent her head to hide the curving of her own lips.

Determined as she was to marry the Baronet, it gave her the keenest pleasure to see him wince under that innuendo. She admired Cuthbert Iredell with all her heart.

"Come—off with you all! We shall be all day dawdling about here!" cried Sir Charles irritably; and the riders began slowly to move towards the Dene Copse, where it was expected the fox would be started.

As Iredell rode down the drive at Olive's side, a clatter of hoofs was heard, and a party rode up to the house from the other side.

"Those are the Phelpses, of Dunning," said Olive, slightly turning her head to look at them.

"Oh, indeed!"—with a side glance at Olive, wondering, as she also looked towards the new arrivals, whether she knew the gossip about Janet Phelps. "Which is the fair Janet?" he asked. "The red-haired one?"

"No; that is—I don't know who that is—a friend, I suppose. That is the fair Janet—that pretty girl with fair hair who is laughing so. They say," said Olive, with composure, "she is going to marry our M. F. H."

Iredell watched her narrowly. She was quite unconscious and at ease. He breathed a long sigh of relief.

"Do you think she is pretty?" she asked Iredell.

"She seems so at this distance. Who are the other members of the party?"

"The stout lady is Mrs. Phelps. She always rides across country, and is a very plucky horsewoman, but has not an idea about anything except horses. The white haired gentleman in pink is Squire Phelps, M. P. for Dunning; the young man with the long legs is his son. I don't know the other, belongs to some other Hunt, judging by his clothes; he is a stranger to me. Let us ride on, or we shall be late; they will catch us up."

Everything seemed favorable that day. The fox was found almost directly—broke cover, and was off, and, in half an hour from starting, Iredell found himself setting down for a splendid run, with a horse under him which was a pleasure to ride. Wildfire was in his most gracious mood; he neither tried to go on two legs nor otherwise manifested any desire to annoy. He went as straight as an arrow, and took his first fence in a way that delighted his rider. Jessie kept pace with him,her rider's beautiful face glowing with excitement and delight.

There was a large number in the field that day, and everyone was enthusiastic. Conspicuous among the foremost riders was the gentleman whose pink obviously belonged to another country, and whom Olive had described as a stranger.

He was a man of about sixty, well built, strong, and vigorous, evidently a keen sportsman and determind to be in at "the death."

He rode by Sir Charles with the business like determination of the British Nimrod, not in the least inclined to talk or do anything but ride.

On they went, the order of the riders changing every few minutes, one or two stragglers dropping off, and one or two who had led dropping behind; and then, in the full tide of excitement,there was a sudden check.

The hounds had lost the fox.

It was very provoking.

Reynard had made for a piece of cover skirted by a birch wood which looked singularly dreary. There was nothing for it but to wait, while the whippers in plunged about disconsolately and every one took breath and tried to make conversation.

"Here's a nice mess!" said the elderly gentleman, turning abruptly to the person nearest him, who happened to be Iredell.

As the eyes of the two men met, the elder started and eyed the younger uncomfortably.

At the same moment Cuthbert himself experienced a strange sensation,as though, in some long forgotten time, he had seen that face before and the association had been a disagreeable one.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN itinerant photographer was visited in a Franklin county town by an economical young man, who after a long banter and some beating down in the price, finally sat for a picture. He was told to look at a certain nail and not understanding the photographer's "that will do," continued to gaze at it. The photographer let him sit the afternoon out, as no other sitters came, to his own great amusement, while tears ran copiously down our economical friends cheeks in his efforts to keep his eyes fixed for hours on that spot.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE FINGER NAILS.—The Japanese have some curious ideas in regard to the finger nails. They must not be cut before starting on a journey, lest disgrace fall upon the person at his destination. Neither should they be cut at night, less claws should grow out.

SINGING THE HYMN.—In a village in Somerset the belief is prevalent that if the church clock strikes whilst a hymn is being sung, some parishioner will die within the week. So strong is this belief that the striking mechanism of the clock is always stopped during the service in which hymns are sung.

HINDOO MARRIAGES.—Among the Hindoos there are some castes near Ahmedabad in which widow marriages are allowed and a girl can be given in second marriage without the ruinous expense considered necessary on the occasion of a first alliance. The parents, therefore, sometimes marry a girl to a bunch of flowers, which is afterwards thrown down a well. The husband is then said to be dead, and the girl, as a widow, can be married at a moderate cost.

THE EMPEROR'S NAME.—The Emperor of China's proper name is never mentioned; to pronounce it is a criminal offence. On ascending the throne, the ruler of the "Middle Kingdom" takes a name by which he becomes known to his people and to history. The present Emperor's real or personal name is Tsai-tien; but, on being placed on the throne in 1875, he was given the style of Kwangsu, which means "illustrious succession."

THE GODDESS STRENNA.—It was the goddess Strenna (strength) who gave her name to strenna, the Italian for New Year's gift, whence came the French word strenne, which means the same thing. On the first day of the year, in the earliest Roman times, champion wrestlers used to be conducted amid music and dancing to her temple, and there crowned with verbena, a plant which had the reputation of giving strength to those who inhaled it. For that it was planted all round Strenna's temple, and also in court yards and gardens.

THE BOSPHORUS.—The word Bosphorus, or, as some maintain, Bosporus, is Greek, signifying a narrow sea, which it is supposed, a bullock may swim over. Why it was first applied to the Strait of Constantinople is not well known. It is said that the Phrygians, desirous of passing the Thracian strait, built a vessel on whose prow was the figure of a bullock. According to mythological tradition, it derives its name from the passage of Io over one of the straits so called, when she was turned into a cow. The Bosphorus,as thus explained, literally signifies "the passage of a cow."

THE LIQUOR BUSINESS IN NORWAY.—The liquor business in most towns and cities in Norway is under the management of an association, which is again controlled by the municipal authorities. The goods are analysed and examined before being sold, minors or intoxicated persons cannot buy any liquors, and one glass at a time is all each person can obtain. In the liquor shops there is no furniture; nor are any games of any kind allowed. The sale of liquors in bottles takes place in centrally located stations, and is conducted on the same principle as the retailing in glasses. The dividend of the business goes to pay for public improvements—say, for parks and highways, homes for aged people, reform schools for children and the like. The scheme has been in practical use now for several years, and so far has been very successful in diminishing the alcoholism and crime of the country.

THE QUEEN'S KEYS.—Every night as the London Tower clock strikes eleven, as has happened every night at the same hour back to the days of the Plantagenets, from a little portico on the right hand side of the Bloody Tower the sentry turns out and stands on guard. From the Traitors' gate there presently appear two or three men, one dressed in a scarlet robe and carrying a lighted lantern. The sentry, bringing his rifle with a sharp click to his shoulder,calls out, "Halt! Who goes there?" The man in the scarlet gown answers, "The keys." "Whose keys?" says the stern sentry. "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass, Queen Victoria's keys,"says the mollified sentry, and the warder moves on a pace, then halts and holding up his lantern, cries aloud, "God bless Queen Victoria!" The sentry presents arms, the man with the chief warder chant "Amen" three times, and the warder resumes his journey, carrying the keys to the Governor of the Tower.

NO TO-MORROW.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

I can't resurrect the old affection,
The fire refuses to burn,
Remembrance no more is a thing of election,
Indifference is hard to unlearn,
And whatever the poets and prophets may say
There is no to-morrow for yesterday!

I cannot arouse the olden ardor,
Nor hearken to passion's appeal,
There is nothing on earth, I hold that's harder
Than making a dead heart feel;
We cannot recall what is is lost for aye--
There is no to-morrow for yesterday!

You must let me go--that dream is over,
And it will not come again,
I do not want you to be my lover
And tho' it may give you pain,
There is one who has kissed your kisses away--
There is no to-morrow for yesterday!

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

NORAH'S brow darkened, and her lips came together tightly.

Is there any need to speak of—of what is past, Mr. Berton?" she said.

"Forgive me," he pleaded. "It is hard not to speak of what is in one's thoughts day and night, continually. You will understand why I find this place unendurable. It is a source of torture to me! To feel that I am near you and that I dare not approach you—Lady Norah"—he rose and took a step nearer to her, "I had intended to wish you farewell in the fewest possible words, but, alas! my heart is too strong for my will! I am going—for ever, but before I go will you give me one more chance, will you let me plead for that which is indeed dearer than life?"

Norah, rose, and stood, pale and almost majestic, her brows very low indeed, her lips tightly compressed.

"No, I cannot permit you to say a word—a word of that kind," she said coldly, haughtily. "I am sorry—no, I am glad that you are going, if, as you say, you cannot forget——"

"Forget that I am only Guildford Berton, the son of your father's steward, and that you are an earl's daughter, and the owner of half a million of money," he said slowly, raising his eyes to her face with a curious expression, half respectful, half defiant. "Is that what you would say, Lady Norah?"

"No," said Norah, and her words cut sharply and clearly, "that is not what I would say, Mr. Berton. It would make no difference to me if you were a prince and I a beggar at your gates."

"Because you hate me so intensely—is that it?" he said, gnawing his lip, but still with the half defiant look in his eyes.

"Hate?" she said, her bosom heaving. "It is you and not I who use the word."

"But you mean it," he said, breathing quickly. "If you were a princess and I the beggar you could not speak with greater hauteur."

"Need we pursue this subject?" she said coldly. "If you have come to bid me farewell, let us part in peace, for—for the sake of my father whose friend you were. You were his friend, and I will not forget that: as his daughter it is my duty to remember it."

She tried to speak quietly, as a woman should to the man whom she has rejected; but she felt that her tone rang with pride and hauteur, and that she could not soften it.

"Fair words," he said, "but words only. You speak of your duty to your father; it was his wish that you should be my wife. Why will you not respect that wish, and at least give me a hearing?"

Norah looked at him straight in the face.

"I do not know that it was a wish of his," she said.

The retort stung him almost beyond endurance.

"You think I lied," he said, a hot flush reddening his face.

"I think you were—mistaken, Mr. Berton," she said. "But I will not discuss it with you. You have come to say good-bye."

"No," he said sharply, "I have come to remove the barrier your pride has erected between us. You speak like a princess; indeed, you would like to send me from your presence like a dog, Lady Norah." A spot of red burnt in his pale cheeks. "Lady Norah!" He laughed. "The title sounds sweet and pleasant in your ears, does it not? It warrants all your pride and hauteur. What would you say if I told you that it rests with me whether you ever hear it again?"

Norah looked at him as if she thought—as indeed she did think—he had gone mad, and then her eyes wandered towards the bell.

"Wait," he said, evidently struggling for his usual self-possession. "There will be plenty of time to ring the bell when you have decided whether you will still be an earl's daughter and my wife or—a beggar like myself."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

IF GUILDFORD BERTON had expected his ominous words to produce any effect upon Norah, he was mistaken.

She looked at him with the same calm surprise and displeasure. To her the question sounded like an outburst from a frenzied man, nothing more, and she tried to remain patient and restrain her anger.

"I don't understand you," she said quietly enough. "Perhaps you do not understand yourself."

"You will soon understand," he said with a sinister smile; then he seemed to make an effort to control his temper, and said more softly, "Will you not sit down, Lady Norah? I—I spoke more warmly, precipitately, than I intended, but——"

Norah declined the chair with a gesture, and stood schooling herself inth patience. She would listen to what he had to say; she was, if the truth must be told, just a little curious.

She glanced at the bell again; it was within her reach, and she could dismiss him in a moment if she chose. But she intended to listen to all he had to say.

Guildford Berton laid his hand upon the mantelshelf, and looked down thoughtfully for a moment; then he commenced—

"I fear I shall cause you some pain, Lady Norah. Heaven knows I would have avoided this revelation, but you have forced it upon me. If you had listened to me, if you had consented to be my wife, the story I am going to tell you would have been locked within my bosom, and I should have remained silent till death."

Norah did not speak, and he went on slowly and impressively.

"You remember your mother, Lady Norah?"

Norah inclined her head slightly.

"You are aware that she and the earl separated soon after their marriage?"

Norah's face burnt, and her eyes began to flash.

"Please do not misunderstand me," he said. "I am not going to speak disparagingly of either the earl or the countess. The separation was caused by no graver reason than the impossibility of their living happily together. I do not wish to speak ill of the dead, but I do not think any woman could have lived with the Earl of Arrowdale. That is all I intend to say on that point. As you are aware, the countess was accompanied in her exile by a faithful servant, Catherine Hayes. She was devoted to the countess; it was one of those instances of affectionate fidelity which are as rare as they are touching. You were born after the separation, and saw nothing of the earl until the death of your—shall I say adopted mother, Catherine Hayes? I fear I am taxing your patience rather sorely; you are wondering why I should repeat all this, which you know already. Bear with me a little longer, please, Lady Norah. I am right, am I not, in stating that a very strong affection existed between you and Catherine Hayes; in fact, that after the countess's death she took the place of a mother to you?"

Norah assented by a gesture. His words recalled the quiet, peaceful life in the cottage at Norton, and all the dead woman's devoted care of her, and the tears were very near her eyes; but she especially desired to repress any emotion in Guildford Berton's presence, and forced the tears back.

"Can you tell me where you were born, Lady Norah?" he asked.

Norah started slightly.

"No," she said, answering her own thoughts rather than his question.

He suppressed a smile.

"Nor when—the day, the month?"

"No," said Norah, a faint surprise rising. "Did it never occur to you that there was something strange, unusual, in your ignorance of these facts?"

She shook her head.

"Why do you ask me these—these questions?" she said coldly.

"My reason will be obvious directly," he responded. "Did you know that Catharine Hayes was a married woman?"

"I do not know," replied Norah.

He unbuttoned his coat, and taking the photograph from his pocket held it out to her.

"Will you take that in your hand and look at it carefully?"

Norah took it after a moment's hesitation and looked at it.

"Where did you get this?" she demanded with a start.

"I found it," he said quietly.

Norah's eyes flashed unbelief.

"It is mine!" she said.

"I am very glad to be able to restore it to you," he said suavely. "Will you tell me whose portrait it is?"

"You know whose it is," she said; "it is Catherine's—Catherine Hayes's. I do not believe that you found it. It—it has been stolen."

"Very likely," he assented coolly; "it is of little consequence—you have it again. Doubtless you will treasure it far more preciously and carefully than you have hitherto done, now that you know that it is the portrait of your mother."

For a moment the words did not convey their proper significance to Norah, and she was looking at him vaguely—she was thinking of Catherine; then she started, and her eyes opened upon him.

"What was that you said?" she asked.

"I said that it is the portrait of your mother," he repeated with a sinister smile, and a gleam of triumph in his eyes.

"My mother! This Catherine Hayes, not my mother, not the Countess of Arrowdale!" she exclaimed.

"It is not the Countess of Arrowdale," he said; "but it is Catherine Hayes, your mother."

Norah held the portrait tightly, and looked at him.

"Are you—are you mad?" she gasped.

He smiled.

"It is not an unreasonable question. I can appreciate your astonishment, and I sympathize with you; indeed and indeed I do. I am not mad, and I am speaking the same and sober truth; that is the portrait of your mother you hold in your hand, Norah."

She did not notice his intentional omission of the "Lady"; she was too amazed, too overwhelmed. She sank into the chair, still looking at him as if she were waiting.

"It is a terrible shock," he said in a tone of gentle sympathy. "For one who has always regarded herself as of noble birth, to find that instead of being the daughter of an earl she is only the daughter of a commonplace lady's maid, companion——"

Norah began to tremble.

"It is not true," she said almost inaudibly. "Why have you told me this falsehood!"

"It is quite true, alas!" he said; "and it is better that you should hear it from me, who love you and can sympathize with you, than from the lips of strangers, who would simply enjoy the romance of your disappointment."

"I do not believe it," she faltered.

"I am not surprised at that," he retorted in the same slow voice, easy, cool as that of one confident in the truth of what he asserts. "I do not ask you, expect you to believe me without proofs. I have come prepared for your incredulity; though, if you ask yourself what purpose I could hope to effect by telling you a string of falsehoods, you will find it different to find an answer. In a word or two the facts—the lamentable facts!—are these: Just before the countess left the Court and went into exile, Catherine Hayes committed the folly of marrying. She married a man—a gentleman—named Woodfern," he added, taking a paper from his pocket and glancing at it.

"Catherine had asked and obtained a holiday, and had spent it in Plymouth. There she met this gentleman, Woodfern. He was a lieutenant in the navy, on a few days' leave from his vessel' —he looked at a paper again—"the Enchantress, then stationed at Plymouth. It was a case of love at first sight. Mr. Woodfern wooed with the ardor of a sailor, and Catherine Hayes being presumably as much in love as himself, consented to marry him after the short period of courting which the exigencies of Her Majesty's naval service permitted him. They were married—this Lieutenant Woodfern and Catherine Hayes—at St. Stephens's, Plymouth. Permit me to hand you a copy of the church register. The original I have seen within the last week, and I can testify that this is a correct copy."

He placed the slip of paper in Norah's hand and waited.

She looked down at it, and mechanically read the formal document.

"What—what has all this to do with me, with my mother the countess?" she asked with a catch in her voice.

He raised his eyebrows, as if astonished at her dulness of perception.

"You will see presently," he replied. "Lieutenant Woodfern's leave was a short one, and the husband and wife separated. He went on board the Enchantress; she who was Catherine Hayes, but now Catherine Woodfern, returned to the Court and the service of her mistress the countess. They had agreed to keep the marriage a secret. Possibly the lieutenant wanted to prepare his relatives for the surprise in store for them. It was not a very good marriage for him, and he thought that he would like to break it to them gently, and present his wife when he came back from the voyage on which the Enchantress started a few weeks after the wedding. It was a close secret. Only one man was admitted to his confidence, the first mate of the vessel, a man named Furlong. You will find him duly set down in the certificate as a witness to the marriage. They parted. Catherine went back to her mistress, and when the earl and countess separated—which they did soon afterwards—Catherine accompanied the countess. They went to London. Some months afterwards a child was born, a girl, the daughter of Lieutenant Woodfern and Catherine his wife; in fact, yourself, dear Miss Norah!" and he inclined his head gravely.

Norah caught the arm of the chair and grew deathly white. In the space of a moment, even as he had been speaking, the scene of Catherine's death rose before her. She understood now what those words of anguished parting meant. She realized now the meaning of the dying woman's oft-breathed question, "Do you love me, Norah? Have I been really like a mother to you?"

Her head fell upon her hands, and her bosom heaved with choking sobs.

"Do not cry," said Guildford Berton. "It is all so long ago. Shall I go on?"

She raised her head and set her teeth hard.

"Yes, go on," she said.

"You mother had very little difficulty in winning the countess's forgiveness for the concealment she had been guilty of, and very soon the countess grew as fond of the little girl as her own mother was. Indeed, the solitary lady clung to the child with a loving tenderness which seemed to surpass that of the mother; and I can imagine how easy it was for the countess to believe that if the child had been her own and had been born before the earl and she had separated, no separation would have taken place. It must have occurred to her that if the earl could be made to believe that the child was his own—you see?—Yes! So these two women conspired in all affection: the little girl was to be regarded as the daughter of the Countess of Arrowdale, and when they left London and took up their abode in the country, it was as the young Lady Norah that the child of Catherine Woodfern was presented to the world. There was no limit to Catherine's devotion; she even relinquished her child! It was very feasible. No one knew of the marriage excepting the man Furlong, and he would not have known of the birth of the child if he had not chanced to meet Catherine in London before the two women had decided upon the exchange of mothers, and heard from her that the lieutenant had a daughter."

Norah caught her breath.

Her father. He knew—he must have been written to! flashed through her mind.

Guildford Berton seemed to divine the thought.

"Yes, the lieutenant would have known of course; but unfortunately he contracted yellow fever at St. Kitts two months after his marriage, and died there. The man Furlong was with him when he died. There is the certificate," and he handed her another paper.

"I have nearly come to the end of my story, Miss Norah," he said, wiping his lips and eyeing her white face with a watchful keenness. "The plot was not a bad one. If the earl had only possessed the smallest of hearts, the announcement of his child's birth would have touched him and brought about a reconciliation; but the earl—well, you knew him long and intimately enough to render it unnecessary for me to say anything further. He declined to hold any communication with his wife, he declined to receive her back or see his child. This was a startling disappointment, no doubt, and if it could have been effected, you would have been restored by the countess to your mother, and acknowledged as the child of the widow of Lieutenant Woodfern; but, as you see, that could not be. What was done could not be undone. The countess had presented you to the world as the daughter of the Earl of Arrowdale, and the daughter of the Earl of

Arrowdale you had to remain. I don't think it mattered very much to Catherine; perhaps she consoled herself for playing the part of nurse instead of mother, by reflecting that her child would figure as the daughter of a peer. That is very likely to have been her feeling. Any way, she died keeping the secret, and it was buried with her. Only one man could have revealed the truth—the sailor Furlong, and he had disappeared as sailors do. Probably she thought he was dead. But he is alive, it is from him that I have learned this interesting story of your birth, and it is in my power to compel him to remain silent or tell the story in a court of law. That the proofs may be complete I have got from him a plain statement of the case: here it is. You will like to have it, I have no doubt."

He crossed over to her and placed it between her unresisting fingers. Then he went back and leant against the mantelshelf again, and looked down at her.

Norah, with the papers in her hand, sat with her eyes fixed on the ground. She was scarcely conscious of his presence. She was simply crushed and overwhelmed by the revelation. Of its truth she did not doubt for a moment. Even if he had not produced the certificates and other documents, she would have been convinced of the truth of his story, Catherine's—her mother's—last words were testimony enough. She was not the daughter of the Countess of Arrowdale, but of her companion, Catherine Woodfern.

And at that moment there was only room for one feeling in her heart: an overflowing love for the woman who had hidden the secret of her maternity in her bosom even to the gates of death! She raised the portrait to her lips and kissed it, and her tears fell upon it.

Guildford Berton accepted the action as her acknowledgment that he had spoken the truth.

"You are satisfied?" he said in a low voice. "I thought you would be. But I fear you have scarcely realized the difference, the change, in your circumstances which this discovery must cause."

Norah scarcely heard him as she wiped her eyes and stifled her sobs.

"You have to realise, Miss Norah," he went on, "that you are no longer the Lady Norah, daughter of the late earl; that you are not the mistress of his immense wealth."

Norah raised her head and looked at him, and put her hand to her brow.

"Why have you told me this?" she said. "Was it for the sake of revenge? I do not understand—I do not care. I feel that you have told me the truth; that I am not the daughter of the countess, but that Catherine—" her lips quivered—"was my dear, dear mother! But I do not see—it is all dark," She held out her hands like one striving to put aside a veil.

"You do not comprehend that not only are you not the daughter of the earl of Arrowdale, but—penniless, and to all intents and purposes a beggar?" he said suavely.

Norah's face flushed, and she rose.

"I do not care—it is nothing!" she said wearily. But you forget that the earl has left me money——"

"Pardon me," he interrupted her broken words. "It is a natural mistake in the confusion of your thoughts; but the late earl of Arrowdale has not left you a penny——"

"I do not care, I do not wish to speak or think of it; but your revenge cannot go so far," she said as wearily as before, "the earl's will——"

"Left his vast wealth to his daughter," he said with a sinister smile; "to his daughter, not to a person named or known as Norah! Do you not remember the blank in the will? If he had written your name there I think—I am not sure—you would have been secure; but he did not. Only to 'my daughter.' You are not his daughter, Miss Norah Woodfern!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

UNLESS you inherited any money from your father or mother, I take it that you are utterly without means," he went on, regarding her with a half smile. "All the wealth which the Earl of Arrowdale had intended for you will go to the next-of-kin, the present earl. Not a single penny can you claim!"

Norah looked at him, but without speaking. What he said might be true or false; she did not very much care at the moment.

He seemed disappointed at the little effect the announcement of her poverty had made upon her.

"I'm afraid you don't realize," he resumed, "or perhaps," and as he spoke he drew a little nearer to her, "the thought that is running through my mind is present in yours, Norah,"—his voice dropped and he glanced towards the door—"why should this—this injustice be? All the world knows that the earl when he said 'my daughter' meant yourself, and only you and I, and the man Furlong, whom I can keep as quiet as he has hitherto been, are aware of the true story of your birth." In his eagerness he did not notice the flash that came into Norah's lovely eyes, or that her hand clenched spasmodically. "Why should we not let the matter stand as it is? Who will be harmed? Not the present earl. If all be true that is said of him, he doesn't deserve more than he has got, and, in all conscience, he has got enough. If you are not the earl's daughter, you were regarded by him as such. He did mean you to have the money, and why should you not have it? Norah, it all rests with you and me, with you in reality, for I will abide by your decision. Place your hand in mine—" with a great effort Norah suppressed the shudder that ran through her, and kept her eyes fixed on the ground—"place your hand in mine, say 'Guildford, let bygones be bygones, I will be your wife,' and the secret is locked within my lips to death! Why, see, if you become my wife, dearest, I shall have very little inducement to reveal the truth! Norah, think, for God's sake, of all this means to you. I will not speak of myself. You know that I love you: you know that if—if I have seemed hard sometimes, it is because I loved you so dearly that I was prepared to go through anything to win you. Forget the past—forget everything, and—and say that you will be my wife. See how helpless and alone you are." He shot a glance at her. "You need a strong arm to lean upon, a clear brain to rely on in this—this crisis! Lean on me, rely on me! You shall be my wife and still Lady Norah, daughter of an earl, and heiress to his wealth!"

Norah's heart beat fiercely with the longing, the almost irresponsible longing, to look him in the face and cry "Scoundrel!" anything to express her indignation and loathing. But she did repress the desire, wonderful to say. At that moment she felt the truth of some of his words. She was alone and helpless; she must not even indulge in the craving of her soul to denounce him. Here was a cunning scoundrel whom it was imperatively necessary that she should fight with something of his own weapons. She looked down in silence, and, taking her silence for consent, he uttered a low cry, and caught her hand. It was as cold as ice, but his was hot as fire.

"Norah!" he burst out, and yet in a guarded voice as if the walls might have ears. "Norah! You will do this—ah!" His success seemed to overwhelm him, and he gazed at her with distraught eyes.

Norah drew her hand away.

"I—I must have time," she murmured huskily.

"You shall!" he responded eagerly. "You shall have all just as you please! Ah, Norah, why have you withstood me so long? Did you think that I did not love you, that I should not make you happy? Happy!" He laughed. "There shall be no happier woman in all the world! You shall see! You shall see!"

He went to take her hand again, but she drew back with downcast eyes, and shook her head.

"I—I am tired," she said. "I think I will go now. To-morrow——"

"Ah, I cannot wait so long without seeing you!" he broke in, in a low voice that thrilled with passion. "I will come again this evening. You will see me, dearest, if only for a moment. My—my happiness has come to me so suddenly that I can scarcely believe, realize, it. I must see you again to-day. Give me the papers——"

He held out his hand.

Norah extended them to him, then drew them back gently—

"No, let me look at them," she said firmly.

"Very well; but take care of them, dearest. Do not leave them where anyone can see them——"

"Or steal them as the—the portrait was stolen," she could not help saying.

He laughed uneasily, then suddenly his face paled. Her words had recalled Becca South. But only for a moment.

"Ah, don't be hard upon me," he said. "All is fair in love and war. I would have gone through fire and water to keep you. Must you go? Well, then—this evening. Remember, dearest, your fate lies in your own hands. As my wife you will still be Lady Norah, the heiress——"

"Yes, I will remember," she said very quietly, and, without raising her eyes, she passed by him and left the room.

She went straight upstairs, and, locking herself in her room, dropped into a chair, and, holding the certificates tightly in her hand, tried to think.

To attempt to describe the varied emotions which thronged and eddied through her brain would be impossible. It would be false to human nature to say that she was not disappointed and shocked by the revelation! Only an idiot of the most hopeless sort would hear without a pang of regret that he was a nobody instead of the somebody he had considered himself.

She looked round the room and through the window, and tried to realize that she was—simply Norah Woodfern, Catherine Hayes's daughter, not the Earl of Arrowdale's; and that the vast wealth which she had thought here had departed from her and left her penniless.

And as she realized it a strange thought flashed through her mind. Was it possible that Cyril's pride had been the cause of their parting? Had he been too proud to marry the daughter of a peer? A smile, a sad smile, crossed her pale face. If it had only come earlier, this story of her birth, this loss of rank and wealth! She could have gone to him then, and said—"I am poor and untitled; but I am still yours if you care to take me."

But it was too late now. He was Becca South's husband, and lost to her for ever.

The tears welled into her eyes, but she swept them away. There was no time for weeping if she meant to escape the scoundrel who thought that he held her in his power.

She got up and quickly changed her dress for a plain travelling one, and put a few things into a small bag. Then she paused as the question of money arose. She had plenty in the little ornamental cash box in which she kept it, but she took only the sum which had been left when the earl died from her last quarter's allowance; and even that, she resolved, she would take only as a loan; for had it not been given her under the impression that she was his daughter, and not an impostor? Then she sat down, and wrote a few lines—

"I cannot see you to-night. Will you please come tomorrow?

"NORAH."

And addressed them to Guildford Berton. Then, when her simple preparations were complete, she rang the bell for Harman, but only opened the door sufficiently wide to allow of her passing out the note.

"Give this to Mr. Berton, please, Harman," she said, keeping her voice as steady as she could; "and do not let me be disturbed. I have a bad headache, and will ring when I want you."

It cost her a great deal to go without a word of farewell to the woman who had been so devoted to her; but she dared not risk it. She knew that Harman would see in a moment that something was wrong, and Norah felt that she could not stand a single question from her.

Half an hour afterwards, with a veil drawn across her face, she left the house and struck into a bypath in the park.

She stopped and looked round once, only once, and a faint sigh trembled on her lips. She had grown fond of the grandly beautiful place, the memory of the man whom she had loved as a father, especially through his illness, brought the tears to her eyes.

It was hard to think that she had no further connection with all that she had considered part and parcel of herself, that for the future she was just Norah Woodfern, a waif and stray on the great, bitter world; and the reader will not think less of her, or set her regret down as one wholly mercenary.

As she turned, she picked a brown leaf—as dead as her past!—and pushed it gently inside the bosom of her dress; then went on her way.

She had formed the vaguest of vague plans only. First came the idea of going straight to Mr. Petherick, and telling him all that she had learnt from Guildford Berton. After that—well, all was dark and unfathomable.

Perhaps the old lawyer, who had always been kind to her, and especially kind and gentle of late, would show her some way of gaining a living. She thought of Lady Ferndale, as she had thought of her many times since the revelation, but she shrank from going to her.

It was scarcely pride so much as innate delicacy. Besides, what had she, Norah Woodfern, to do now with earls and countesses? She must put all her past life away from her completely. No, she would not go to Lady Ferndale, much as she loved her, and knew she was loved by her.

When she reached the high road she looked round rather fearfully, though she felt that there was no cause for fear. If Guildford Berton had chanced to come upon her, she decided that she would not be daunted. If necessary she would call for help to the first passer-by and would proclaim the truth to the whole village.

But Guildford Berton was pacing up and down his room, wrapped in an ecstatic sense of triumph and self-satisfaction at that moment, and she saw no one but a few children on her way through the village.

She found that she had to wait nearly an hour for a train, and the station-master, touching his hat respectfully, suggested that she should go inside the booking-office and sit by the fire.

"It's not so draughty as the waiting-room, my lady," he said. And the "my lady" brought the color to Norah's face as she thanked him.

"May I ask if you have heard anything of Becca South, my lady?" he said, as he brought a rug for her feet.

Norah looked up with a start.

"N-o," she said.

"Ah," he remarked with a smile. "No news is good news, my lady. I daresay the girl is happy enough up in London there. Santleigh was too quiet for a lively one like her. But still, it was very ungrateful of her not to write after all your ladyship's kindness to her."

Norah murmured an inaudible response, and, to her relief, he went about his business and left her alone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHY DIVORCE IS NECESSARY.—Can the marriage tie be dissolved save by death?

The negative of this it would be difficult to maintain. Man's power of self destruction is not confined to the physical realm. Marriage is quite as much a moral relation as it is a physical relation.

Just as certainly as one may destroy his life by vice, or destroy his moral sensibility by self abandonment to evil impulses, just so sure may he destroy both the physical and the moral which he has formed by marriage.

That the laws governing society should and must recognise such dissolution is unquestionable.

There are both rational grounds and social necessities for divorce. To many minds the very idea of divorce is repugnant. It seems to be a violation of the divine order of human life.

But one must not ignore facts. Amputation is repugnant to a sensitively-organized nature; but if a limb is gangrened it must be cut off.

The entire prohibition of divorce would work harm to individuals, and through them to society. It seem pretty clear also that to some degree it would promote vice. It certainly would inflict great wrong on many innocent and defenceless people. In some cases it would even destroy the family.

Society must protect itself as a whole, but in doing this it must not disregard individual rights and needs.

Indeed as surgery often saves human life by cutting away a member of the physical organism, so society often saves the family by cutting off a noxious member.

AT THE JAPANESE PLAY.—After dying in a most "realistic" manner, the Japanese actor coolly gets up and in sight of the audience strolls away. 'Since none suppose that I am really slain," he argues, "and since I am no longer wanted, why should I waste my time?" So off he goes. Another quaint proceeding is that the leading performer is always attended by a servant with a long red stick like a fishing rod, which has a candle stuck at the end of it. He crouches on the stage, and holds this up to illumine the features of the actor or actress, and, should the latter stride suddenly across the stage, the attendant rises and follows. He is of course understood to be invisible. In a scene of great movement it is inexpressibly comic to mark four or five excited personages strutting in wrath, each followed by fishing rod and candle. Nor is this all. The actor's dresser likewise appears with him—invisible of course; and it is his function to rearrange, if it falls into folds the voluminous attire of the hero. The dresser also gives his master an occasional dab of paint or powder, and picks up the things he drops.

A POPULAR ERROR ABOUT PIGS.—We must all make our apologies to the pig, who has been grossly maligned in regard to his food. Instead of being ready to eat anything, he turns out to be the most fastidious of animals. Experiments have been made both in France and Sweden which show this to be the case, and in the latter country the record tells that out of 575 plants the goat eats 449 and refuses 122; the sheep out of 528 plants eats 387 and refuses 141; out of 494 plants the cow eats 276 and refuses 218; out of 474 plants the horse eats 262 and refuses 212; and the pig out of 243 plants eats 72 and refuses 171.

A LIFE LESSON.

BY JAMES W. RILEY.

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!

There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!

La Villette.

BY WILLIAM WETTALL.

EARLY on the morning of March 17, 1840 as some pheasants of La Villette, a Paris suburb, were going to their work, they found in a muddy ditch by the wayside the body of a child, as it might seem about ten years old. The head was almost severed from the body, and the occiput and the temples were deeply fractured.

Information of this portentous discovery was forthwith given to the police, and shortly afterwards a commissioner and a deputy procurator arrived on the scene and opened a preliminary inquiry.

The poor little boy had a pretty, sunburnt face; his limbs and hands were delicate and shapely; the style of his clothing, which was neat and almost new, suggested that he was the son of a well to-do workman.

So soon as the police had completed their investigation the body was taken to Paris and placed in the morgue.

Morgue, it may be well here to mention, is an old French word which originally signified "visage." In the ancient prisons of Paris it was used to describe a room set apart for the exposure of the bodies of nameless criminals, the public being permitted to look at them through a wicket, with a view to their recognition. In course of time the custom fell into disuetude, except at the Grand Chatelet, where, until the beginning of the present century, suicides were exposed for identification in a room known as the "lower gaol."

In 1804 the use of the "lower gaol" for this purpose was discontinued, and a new morgue opened near St. Michael's Bridge. It was a small building, of dull aspect, with barred windows, through which the public could gaze on its inmates. The bodies were laid, almost naked, on a marble slab, over which small streams of water continually trickled.

As everybody knows, the morgue is still one of the most characteristic institutions of Paris, and much visited by morbidly curious strangers.

The body of the hapless boy had hardly been exposed two hours when the morgue was beset by a great throng, for the cruel death of a young child in circumstances so mysterious moved the populace of Paris deeply, and made them unspeakably eager for the punishment of the wretch who had committed the hideous deed.

The talk was all about "The Child of La Villette" (the only name they could give him), and thousands of times a day the question was asked, "Who can he be?"

But save vague guesses and wild conjectures, no answer was forthcoming. Nobody told of a lost child; nobody recognized the murdered boy; nor did the secret police who mingled with the crowd detect any involuntary sign of guilty knowledge which might have served as a clue, and for which they were continually on the watch.

In this emergency the authorities adopted an expedient theretofore unknown in the annals of the morgue.

It was against regulations to expose a body for more than three days, and the child's features were so rapidly changing that they would soon be past recognition. But a short time previously, M. Ganal, an eminent scientist, had discovered a method of embalming, whereby a corpse could be kept intact, and with almost the seeming of life, for a considerable time.

M. Ganal was sent for, and although "The Child of La Villette" had been mutilated by his murderers, and rudely handled by the doctors, he "made up" the remains so deftly that when they were clothed and laid on a little bed, onlookers found it hard to believe that the child was not peacefully sleeping.

The bed was placed on a raised platform in the morgue, and many who could not have borne to look on the mangled body of a naked child, went to see the pretty boy, who, though dead, looked as if he were alive, and in whose appearance there was now nothing horrible or repulsive.

After the body had been exhibited in this condition three days, the police thought for a moment that they had found a clue.

A woman of about forty years old, poorly though decently clad, who had been a long time struggling to reach the window, was observed, so soon as she set eyes on the embalmed body, to turn deadly pale.

"Father in Heaven! it is—it is my poor child!" she cried.

A murmur of sympathy and surprise ran through the crowd, and the guardians of the morgue, being informed of what had happened, let the woman in. Her emotion was so great that she nearly fainted.

"Yes, it is he! I am sure it is," she said, trembling and weeping. "I should know him if it were only by this scar on his forehead. Last July, while I was living in the Rue d'Ormesson, he went out and never came back. But he was a dear, good child, quite incapable of taking to the streets and falling into bad ways. Somebody robbed me of him. There is only one thing I cannot understand."

"And that is?" asked one of the guardians.

"The clothes. Philebert's were old and ragged: these are new and fine. But it is eight months since I lost him. His things would be quite worn out long before this. They must have clothed him anew."

The woman's name was Chavandret, and she had a brother-in-law living in the Rue du Hur, who was immediately sent for. No sooner did he enter the morgue than, even before anybody could ask him a question, he exclaimed, "That is little Philebert!"

Several people from the Rue d'Ormesson also recognized "The Child of La Villette" as Philebert Chavandret.

Unfortunately these recognitions served only to complicate still further a mystery which was already sufficiently bewildering.

The police were as far as ever from finding the clue for which they sought. The sharpest witted of them could suggest no plausible motive for so strange a crime. It seemed incredible that anybody should steal a poor child from its mother, keep him for eight months, clothe him decently, and then slay him at the gates of Paris.

Madame Chavandret was questioned more closely. Were there any marks on her son, besides the scar on his forehead, by which she would know him? Yes, there was a large brown mark on the left thigh. The thigh was uncovered; no mark, brown or otherwise, could be found. It was another case of mistaken identity.

For six weeks the police prosecuted their inquiries in vain. As they themselves said, they had no point of departure. Give them a clue, and then—. But the clue was not forthcoming. They could only wait for developments. The mystery seemed insoluble.

* * * * * * *

On Sunday, the tenth of May, 1840, the Mayor of Artigues, a rural commune near Bordeaux, was informed that the body of a strange woman, bearing marks of having been brutally attacked, had been found in a brook on the Lautogne road. He went thither at once. The body had just been taken from a little stream by the roadside.

While the mayor was noting down facts connected with this occurrence and preparing his report, a peasant came, in great consternation, to say that another body had been found, higher up the brook, and near the mill of Lautogne.

The mayor gave up his note writing, and went to see this new horror. It was the body of a little girl, of apparently about nine years old. Her head, as was that of the other victim, was almost separated from the body; and there were other signs of her having been struck down by some hard weapon.

The place were the foul deeds had been done, as the blood tracks showed, was in a narrow lane, separated from the stream by a clump of trees.

The were no signs of a struggle, but from the fact that the girl had evidently fallen at some distance from her companion, it was surmised that she had struck down while trying to escape. No weapons were found.

The news spread fast; and reaching Bordeaux within an hour or two raised grave suspicions in the mind of Sieur Chaban, an innkeeper of the Rue de la Douane. He had a strange guest, whose ways were mysterious, and whose looks he did not like.

Could this be the man?

"Ma foi! I shouldn't wonder. They say these murders were committed last night—shall I denounce him?" said Sieur Chaban to himself. "No! a mistake might get me into trouble. I'll say nothing till to-morrow—unless he tries to go away."

The guest in question had come that very morning by the Bergerac diligence, which ran through Quatre-Pavillons, and past Artigues; therefore near the scene of the murders.

In one hand he carried a travelling bag; in the other a woman's reticule. On entering the house he ordered breakfast, and ate with appetite; but, contrary to the custom of the time, he neither gave the landlord his papers nor inscribed his name in the visitors' book.

After breakfast he asked for a bedroom; and while it was being prepared, sat down before a fire to dry his clothes, which, albeit he had travelled inside the diligence, were very wet. When the chambermaid came to tell him that his room was ready, she found him fast asleep.

On being wakened, he went to his room and to bed, and stayed there all day. Early next morning Sieur Chaban crept softly upstairs, and listened at his mysterious guest's chamber door. He heard him moving about.

Sieur Chaban put his eye to the keyhole. The mysterious guest was washing clothes—a woman's clothes—and, as it seemed to the innkeeper (who must have been very keen sighted,) the water was discolored, and the garments were blood stained.

The landlord hesitated no longer. He went straightway to M. Maxime, the commissioner of police, and told him what he suspected, and what he had seen.

M. Maxime summoned a couple of gendarmes, and all three accompanied Sieur Chaban to his house.

The mysterious stranger, whose door they unceremoniously pushed open, was a tall, thin man, with a square face and sharp features. He wore a travelling cap, and seemed to be preparing for immediate departure.

The commissioner closed and barred the door, and ordered his men to overhaul the stranger's effects. Among them were found blood stained linen, and some cheap jewellery, which had evidently belonged to a woman.

The travelling bag and the reticule were also marked with blood, and in the reticule were a shawl and a gown which matched with the fragments found the day before on the Artigues road.

All this time the stranger, though evidently much disturbed, seemed as if he understood nothing of the questions which Mr. Maxime put to him. But when the accusing fragments and the things found in the reticule were brought together, and their resemblance pointed out, he covered his face with his hands.

"No! no! no! I cannot speak!" he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper. "I cannot speak. I will write. Give me paper."

They brought him writing materials; and for two hours the man wrote with feverish energy, never pausing or looking up until his task was done. What he wrote was a confession, fuller than the commissioner had hoped, more terrible than he had expected. For the author of the double murder of Lautogne was also the assassin of "The Child of La Villette."

After writing his confession—of which more presently—the man, who gave the name of Elicabide, was removed to prison, and on the day following the police took him to the scene of his last crime.

A large red stain in the old lane marked the fatal spot.

"Yes, this is the place," said Elicabide, quietly. "I first attacked the young girl, and before she could utter a single cry, broke her head with a stone. Then I went for the mother, who was a few paces ahead; and so quick were my movements that she neither saw nor heard what had happened."

Then, as if growing excited, he exclaimed, frantically—

"I struck! I struck! struck to the right, struck to the left, with my knife—with the stone. I struck. I am surprised that I am not striking yet!"

After a few questions had been asked and answered, Elicabide was taken to the church at Artigues, where the two bodies were deposited. At the sight of these he was greatly overcome. He turned away his head, his knees gave way, and he seemed as if he would faint. The examining magistrate inquired whether he recognised the bodies.

"No! no!" he cried. "It is impossible—don't ask me! I cannot—I will not!

But in a few minutes he recovered his self-possession, answered clearly all the magistrate's questions, and gave a lucid and cold blooded account of the murder at Villette of the little boy whose embalmed body was a few days later brought to Bordeaux.

* * * * * * *

In 1840, Pierre Vincent Elicabide was thirty years old. His parents destined him for the church, and he studied theology and philosophy in several Roman Catholic seminaries. But he was of a morose disposition, inordinately proud, and though his abilities were mediocre, immensely conceited, and fully convinced that he was a great genius. Not at all the sort of man for holy orders, thought his ecclesiastical superiors, and they advised him to seek some other vocation.

On this he decided to become a teacher, and was appointed to the mastership of a primary school in the neighborhood of Pau.

Among his pupils was a bright little fellow called Joseph Anizat, whose mother made him frequent visits, and with whom Elicabide became in this way acquainted.

Marie Anizat was a widow of attractive appearance, and, though of somewhat straitened means, industrious, highly respectable, and of good report. She had two children—Mathilde and Joseph: the one eleven; the other nine years old.

Elicabide took a fancy to the comely young widow, and persuaded her that she had won his heart; and Marie Anizat, believing in his goodness and sincerity, and touched by his kindness to her son, gave him hers.

Had Elicabide possessed the virtues with which his betrothed in her mind endowed him, they might have been happy; but, in his heart, he was bitterly discontented with his humble lot and narrow means, and after they had been engaged a few months, he announced his intention of going to Paris, where, with his abilities, he felt sure he should do well.

Marie acquiesced, albeit not without hesitation; and early in 1839 her lover went to seek his fortune in the city of his dreams. It was a vain quest, and had a fearful ending.

At the place where Elicabide took up his quarters he found an old fellow student of the name of Beslay, who had come to Paris on the same errand as himself. But Paris did not appreciate them.

So far from making a fortune, they failed to make a living. Elicabide paid his landlord by giving lessons to his son.

Meanwhile he wrote a book, "The History of the Christian Religion, as told by a teacher to little children," from which he expected great things, but for which he failed to find a publisher.

As a last resort, the two friends borrowed some furniture, hired a room in the upper story of a house in the Rue Richelieu, called it a school, and canvassed for pupils. But none came; the enterprise proved as great a fiasco as the "The History of the Christian Religion," and Elicabide, whose opinion of his own merits these failures had in no wise abated, because more morose than ever.

Poverty, disappointment, and wounded self-esteem roused into full activity all the evil propensities of his nature, and let him to conceive a project which for sheer cruelty and wickedness, has probably never been surpassed, even in France, that land of eccentric crime.

Ever since his arrival in Paris, Elicabide had carried on a regular correspondence with Marie Anizat. But he was too proud to tell her of his failures.

His letters were full of hope, and told only of imaginary triumphs. Appreciated from the first, he had merely to choose between one tempting offer and and another, and when he hired the wretched room in the Rue Richelieu, he assured her that he had just accepted a brilliant appointment, and would soon be at the head of one of the most important scholastic institution of the capital. He pressed her to join him, first sending Joseph.

With some reluctance—for she was loth to part with her boy—Marie yielded to his wishes, packed up Joseph's things, put a hundred francs in his pocket, and sent him to Paris in charge of a friend who handed him over to Elicabide on March 14, 1840.

Elicabide received the poor child with a great show of affection, and took him to the Palais Royale, where they dined. After the dinner, Elicabide wrote to Marie, telling her of Joseph's safe arrival, and made the lad write a few lines on his own account, in which he mentioned how tenderly M. Elicabide had embraced him, and sent his love to his dear mamma and his good sister Mathilde.

Then they rambled about until nearly nightfall, and at the barrier of La Villette,

took an omnibus, which put them down in a country lane. Wandering at hazard (according to Elicabide's confession), they came to a footpath which ran through a field, and this, seeming a suitable place for his purpose, he fell a little behind his victim, struck him down with a hammer with which he had provided himself, and, after making sure that he was dead, threw the body into the ditch, where it was found, and went back to Paris with Joseph's hundred franc note in his pocket.

From this time to his departure for Bordeaux, early in may, Elicabide occupied himself with writing letters to Marie and revising his "History of the Christian Religion." In these letters he never failed to give the mother good news of her son, and to send her his love, and to ask her to fix a date for their marriage.

Marie consented, and it was agreed that they should meet at Bordeaux on the sixth of May, but owing to a difficulty about money Elicabide did not arrive there till the seventh.

They spent the following day together, visited several friends, and Elicabide proposed that Marie and her daughter should stay on the night of the ninth with his sister at Ivrac, and accompany him the next day to Paris.

As this seemed a convenient arrangement—the Paris diligence running through Ivrac—Marie readily consented, and after dining together at the Hotel Meunier, Elicabide hired a carriage, and the poor woman started on her last earthly journey, full of joy and hope.

For never—as a common friend who had dined with them afterwards testified—never was Elicabide's manner so playful, his conversation so lively, as at this ill-omened meal; and Marie, pleased because her lover was pleased, and delighted at the prospect of meeting her boy, seemed happy.

Now Ivrac is near Artigues, and when they reached the Quatre Pavillons, Elicabide dismissed the carriage, on the pretext that as the way to his sister's house was only a few minutes' walk across the fields, they might as well finish the journey on foot.

But instead of taking Marie and her daughter thither, he led them to the old lane, which he had chosen beforehand for the consummation of the tragedy.

The story of it has already been told in the murderer's own words. After the death of his victims, he dragged the bodies through the wood, and threw them into the brook, where they were found. This done, he wandered aimlessly about till sunrise, when, falling in with the Bergerac diligence, he returned to Bordeaux, and alighted at Chaban's hotel, where, as we know, he was arrested on the following day.

In his autobiography, written in prison, Elicabide made himself the subject of psychologic study, and offered an apology for his crimes. If he had a distinct motive, a motive capable of definition, it was excessive love for Marie Anizat and her children.

His failure to make a living in Paris broke his heart. He was destitute; Marie was poor. He saw nothing before them but misery and despair. One day a friend with whom he was conversing observed, "Bah! A reasonable man should rejoice in the death of those he loves if they are not happy."

This saying was like the lighting of an infernal torch. To see those whom he loved dead became thenceforth a fixed idea.

It pursued him everywhere. He was impatient to see it realized. He held the entire world in horror. His thoughts became thoughts of extermination. He would have killed Joseph Anizat in the streets of Paris rather than let him live.

His defence, in effect, amounted to this: that at certain times when, as he phrased it, he "fell out of his abnormal condition," he was not responsible for his actions, and that the murders he had committed were fatalities—not crimes. Elicabide's advocate took the same line, and tried to show that, as none of the ordinary motives of crime—interest, jealousy, or revenge—were apparent in the prisoner's conduct, he must needs be either a homicidal maniac or a melancholic homicide, and therefore deserving rather pity than death.

The Advocate-General, on the other hand, pointed out that neither Elicabide's proceedings nor his answer supported the theory of sudden, irresistible impulse, under which he sought to shelter himself from the vengeance of the law.

He could not deny that he had lured the little boy to Paris for the purpose of killing him, and he fully admitted that the murder of Marie and Mathilde Anizat was as deliberately planned as it was ruthlessly executed.

Moreover, homicidal monomaniacs kill for the sake of killing; Elicabide killed for gain. He robbed Joseph of his hundred francs; he robed Marie, not of her life only, but of her money, her jewelery, and her clothing. Never were more treacherous crimes committed; never was a blacker murderer arraigned before the bar of justice than Pierre Joseph Elicabide; and the Advocate-General concluded his address by demanding a verdict of guilty without extenuating circumstances.

The jury rendered a verdict in this sense. The presiding judge sentenced Elicabide to death, and he was beheaded at Bordeaux on November 5th, 1840.

CURIOSITIES OF ETIQUETTE.

THOSE whose lot is cast in a sphere which entails their attendance at Court must often inwardly rebel against the rigid rules of etiquette that have to be obeyed there. But they may congratulate themselves that they are members of a Court the regulations of which are simplicity itself in comparison with those of some others.

Laws of etiquette have been formulated with the object of preventing social friction by awarding to every one his or her own rights and particular place. It would be very awkward for royalties if they were liable to be pounced upon by anybody who wished to have the honor of coming into direct personal contact with them. Who would not pity the Queen, for instance, if all who attended the garden parties at Buckingham Palace had the right of walking up to her and warmly shaking her by the hand, as was done by two impulsive but badly-drilled Americans a year or two ago.

It must be quite wearisome enough to receive as many respectful and ceremonious greetings as her Majesty has to upon such an occasion; if the salutations were to become of a promiscuous nature, the task of governing would present unpleasant features which are now fortunately absent from it.

Of European Courts, the Spanish is the one most noted for its minute and punctilious observations of etiquette. We all know the famous dictum which denied any means of locomotion to a queen of that Court.

The divinity which, in the days of its utterance, hedged in a sovereign of Spain seems to be still present, if we may judge from a recent newspaper report, which states that the members of a town council who had an interview with the Queen Regent "kissed her boots and withdrew." As a matter of fact, the town councillors did not grovel on the ground and kiss the royal foot covering, but as only members of the Court kiss the royal hand, etiquette demanded that those belonging to a lower social sphere should be reported as kissing her Majesty's feet.

The form of leave-taking here unveraciously described is a matter of frequent occurrence at the Court of the Sultan.

His most glorious and unapproachable Majesty occasionally permits the highest in the land to press their lips upon one of his boots as he sits in solemn grandeur, looking supremely unconscious of the presence of mortals cast from such inferior clay as his subjects. Permission to give this abject salutation is held to be a high honor by the Turks, and it is only a few of the great grandees who are allowed the gratification of tasting the royal blacking. Those who are not accorded this high privilege must satisfy themselves with permitting their lips to touch the fringe of their sovereign's sash, which is held out as far as possible from the royal person by an attending pasha.

It is considered that anything which has come in contact with the Sultan is by this fact rendered of such transcendent virtue that to merely touch it is one of the highest honors that can be granted.

According to the account of a traveller who has been through one, audiences with the King of Siam seem to be solemn affairs. He says:

We hopped into the presence chamber on all fours like a company of frogs on the borders of a marsh, and this mode of approaching the king was a leniency only accorded to us, for the Siamese crept in on their stomachs, and remained prostrate during the whole interview.

On our first entry I could perceive nothing but a very magnificent curtain, worked entirely of gold and silver tissue, which stretched across the whole length of the room; presently the notes of a remarkably sweet-toned organ reached our ears, and as the symphony gradually swelled into the cadence of one of Mozart's masterpieces, the curtain drew aside by degrees and revealed the corpulent and half-clothed body of the mighty and despotic King of Siam. The silence that ensued for some minutes was only broken by the sweet music of that self-performing little organ, and innumerable were the genuflections made by the craven courtiers who surrounded his Majesty.

The king was seated upon a throne (cross-legged, of course) of somewhere about two feet elevation from the ground, formed of most exquisite workmanship, in ebony and ivory, and with cushions of fine red velvet, inwrought with workings of silver.

The Court etiquette of the Celestial empire demands that those approaching the Brother of the Sun should prostrate themselves flat upon the ground nine separate times on their admittance to his presence. No bowing will do; the prostrations must be real, downright grovellings upon the ground; and if his Majesty is not present, the same marks of respect must be shown to the seat which he would occupy if he were there.

RATHER AWKWARD.—An Austrian banker went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, travelling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at an hotel, and next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house.

The chambermaid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hand, and made friends thoroughly, until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained, as perfectly as possible, that he knew his duty. No one should leave his master's room in his absence.

When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficiently for her to slip out, he growled and showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs. The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded, and every bell in the house meantime rang, while the walls echoed cries of "Waiter! Waiter!"

Finally, the lady who kept the hotel appeared, and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily, as she walked in, what sort of a picnic they were all holding there.

Bruno let her in too, but not out again—oh, no! When they lady's husband appeared, she called to him loudly to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and, meantime, to endeavor to pacify the angry customers downstairs.

That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.

EQUAL TO IT.—A highly sensational story was once running in a Parisian daily paper, and the chief had a few instalments on hand when the brilliant young author took it into his head to go off and get married. Then he set on a wedding tour, which was to last a week.

The instalments were soon used up, and another member of the staff was directed to wind up the story. He sent the heroine to a watery grave in the River Seine; he poisoned the hero; slew the abbe who was the sole witness of the marriage; and closed the tale in a most tragic and harrowing manner. It was a dark and weird success.

At the end of the week the author returned. He had with him several instalments with him, which he tendered to his chief.

"Your story is finished, M.—," said the editor.

"Pardon me," returned the undaunted novelist, "it is not finished. I have here the continuation, and there is more to come. Indeed the best part of it is here."

"Pshaw," exclaimed the chief; "why insist? I say it is finished. M.— had to do it in your absence."

"I am aware that he wrote several chapters," said the unblushing romancer; "but if you will kindly read this manuscript, I am sure you will agree with me that I am right."

The manuscript was passed over, and, to the chief's surprise, it was a remarkable dramatic sequel to the story. The heroine, instead of being drowned, was rescued by some fishermen on the river below Paris; the hero was saved by a medical friend, who attended to him in time; and the abbe recovered from his wounds, and was at hand to bless the nuptials of the happy pair.

IT is not enough to forgive—one must forget.

Scientific and Useful.

IN THE EYES.—An easy method of removing extraneous substances from the eyes: Put the face into a basin of cold or tepid water; then open the eyes and move them, when the substance will either adhere to or sink in the water.

PASTE FOR PATENT LEATHER.—A paste suitable to preserve the gloss of patent leather and prevent cracking is made of wax with a little olive-oil, lard, and oil of turpentine, mixed when warm, to be of the consistency of a thick paste when cooled.

AN INCOMBUSTIBLE WICK.—Fine wood sawdust four parts, powdered fire clay two parts, powdered glass one part, cotton or cotton-dust one part, sea-sand six parts. This mixture, moistened, dried, and fired at a dull red heat for half an hour, is stated to yield a very permanent and porous material for lamp wicks.

TO MAKE MUSLIN GLASS.—Stretch out a piece of tulle or muslin of the required size, and apply to it some fatty body by means of a roller, then place it on a well cleaned plate of glass, and afterwards remove it very carefully. The glass will be found to retain the impression of the fatty body. It must now be exposed for four or five minutes to the vapor of hydrofluoric acid, after which the network will appear polished upon a dull ground.

SPLITTING PAPER.—To split sheets of paper when they are printed on both sides: The paper is firmly glued to two pieces of strong cloth, one on each side, and is allowed to dry. Then, on pulling them apart, the paper will split. The pieces are then removed by soaking. Sometimes two pieces of glass are recommended instead of the cloth. Practice is necessary to determine the conditions for success, as regards quality and strength of glue and other details.

SHOP SEAT.—The Early Closing Association is showing at its offices a very simple and ingenious contrivance in the shape of a shop seat for assistants or customers. It occupies about the same space when not in use as a closed umbrella. It cannot be upset or detached from its position by accident, yet it can be moved at the option of the user. The invention will be a great boon to the shop assistants, for there is little doubt that it will be adopted by employers who care for the health of their assistants.

Farm and Garden.

PAINT.—The surest way to remove paint is by the use of turpentine. If used immediately the paint will never fail to be erased.

SALT.—Stock need salt when green food is plentiful more than at any other time. The lack of salt sometimes causes injurious effects from green food that might be avoided by its use for stock.

SHEEP.—Sheep are kept in some sections, on land that is too hilly to plow, and a fair profit assecured. Hilly lands should always be put in use, and no better plan for doing so is better than raising sheep.

FRUIT.—Take no heed to those who tell you that fruit trees, plants and vines will bear as well without cultivation was with, but remember that cultivation should be given early, and that ill timed, injudicious cultivation is worse than none.

BUTTER.—Gilt-edged butter depends for its quality not only upon the breed and feed to a certain extent, but more so on the skill of the dairyman. The first requisite is cleanliness, which begins at the stable and ends with the packing of the butter for market.

GRAIN.—Grain may be fed liberally to cows when they are in full flow of milk, but if the cows are drying off previous to calving it is better to withhold all grain if the animals are in good condition, in order to avoid milk fever at calving time. Plenty of grass is sufficient for dry cows, grain being unnecessary.

THE COW.—The importance of washing or currying the cow for the purpose of preventing diseases may be shown by the fact that while a cow may discharge 20 pounds of water through the kidneys she may drink 100 pounds, the 80 pounds passing off through the skin, carrying with it matter that should be eliminated from the body. Unless the water passes off freely the milk will be more or less contaminated. Wash the cow, curry or brush her, and remove the dried matter and scurf on the skin in order to promote free perspiration.

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THE ANGELUS.

BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

This masterpiece of the great French painter has been purchased by an American for the sum of $116,000 and duties, amounting in all to about $150,000. It is the largest sum ever paid for a painting of this size.

Jean Francois Millet, who died in 1875 at the age of sixty, devoted himself to the faithful reproduction of actual rustic life among the French peasantry. During his lifetime he was sorely distressed by poverty and want, and it was not until some time after his death that his wonderful genius was appreciated.

Gambetta makes the following comment on the work reproduced in our etched and colored oleograph: "Millet appears with his marked character of a painter of the seasons, the fields, and the peasants. 'The Angelus,' is his masterpiece in which two peasants, bathed in the rays of the setting sun and full of mystical emotion, bow their heads at the penetrating sound of a bell ringing for evening prayer at the monastery visible on the horizon." All the original colors, and shades are reproduced in *fac simile*, so that our oleograph gives "The Angelus" exactly as seen in the painting itself. Save that it has not actually been painted by hand it presents the full life, beauty and expression of the work as it came from Millet's easel. The gold and red of the setting sun; the dark browns and greens of the field where the peasants are working; the faithful blues and grays of their peasant costumes; the gathering shadow of twilight are all shown with such delicate taste and blending of hues, that the picture stands out inspired with religious sentiment and devotion. A finer copy, and one in which more skill is shown has never before been produced. The size of this famous picture in colors, is 22x28 inches and a copy will be sent, all postage paid, to every one who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in advance.

"In Love" and "The Peacemaker"

Are two splendid companion photo-gravures. They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her courteous and kind attention. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for a parlor or sitting-room, could not be desired.

These *two* splendid companion photo-gravures sent prepaid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for the THE POST one year.

If preferred we will send instead a copy of the magnificent picture of "Christ before Pilate," size of which is 21x28 inches.

Rest and Unrest.

There are few phases of civilized life more eccentric than the untiring and ceaseless hum of bustle which is the outward and audible expression of the industry which we are taught to reverence.

From the very beginning, the turmoil of life, as we have made it, strikes upon our ears.

As it is in the beginning, so is it later on, and so it continues to be until it is time for these same sounds of the age to pipe us out of the world with a requiem that differs not a jot from the cheerful orchestra which welcomed us into it.

A certain measure of activity is wholly natural. The savage had to hunt for his supper; kill other savages to save himself from being killed; and fight his brethren in order to secure for himself the wife whom they also were eager to place upon their respective hearths as the jewel of their cave establishments.

But there is a profound difference between this occasional activity of the savage and the methodical unresting activity of the average man of our day. His was brisk movement towards a goal, for the attainment of which he had to exercise his bodily faculties in a way that educated them with amazing celerity.

With us, it is much otherwise. Machinery has no little to answer for as a clog of arrest of the development of some of the best of our faculties.

A century ago the average citizen was surely a man of more stalwart mind than his descendant of to day. This falling off in one direction, commensurate with progress in another direction, is inevitable. The wealth of the nation is greater; the individual's sense of individuality and personal strength in strife with the world is less.

It is with no intention of preferring an indictment of a capital kind against the inventors of modern machinery that we make this statement. He who runs may read the merits as well as the demerits of such inventions.

But it is too much the fashion with those good, easy, conventional moralists, who have the ear of the public, to insist upon the merits and to disregard the defects.

It were honester to consider the other side of the question; and it were also better for those of us who are interested in this rivalry of animated iron and steel, and who are unconscious of the mental decadence with which we are in consequence threatened.

There are School Boards, it may be protested, to check this menace of degradation. But such education is really of an exotic kind, and does not make atonement in the right direction.

Which is the nobler kind of man: he who, for eight or nine hours a day, feeds the maw of a machine, that it may do the work which formerly came from human hands and the human intelligence; or he who, far from the whirr of wheels and the screech of steam whistles, tends his own small flock, shears his sheep, milks his kine, makes his own bread, and butter, and vestments, cultivates his small but adequate patch of grain land, owns a boat and wrestles with the sea for its own treasures; who builds his own house, keeps it in repair, and rears within its homely walls four or five offspring as sturdy and independent as himself?

Can there be any doubt as to the verdict?

The one man is an automaton. His wife, if he have a wife, is in several essential particulars a better man than he.

Her work, unlike his, is of a kind that tests the abilities, and through the test enlarges them. He is but the subordinate of a machine. She is a responsible entity, who is taught by experience that her actions are of more moment than his. His work wearies, but does not teach him. She grows wiser and more capable every day.

The slave of the machine, when he rests, does but take breath that he may subsequently the better perform the behests of his tyrannical master. But the countryman is never thus idle. He goes from his kine to his flocks, from his boat to his barns; and his every diverse employment is, at the same time, a repose and a development.

As we grow wiser and richer—it is to be hoped our progress in wealth and wisdom will be a parallel progress—it is probable that we shall come to view this need of perfect rest seriously.

Among the myriad other institutions which our benevolence and the complexity of our civilization will ere long have raised in our midst, we shall then, it may be, include "Houses of Rest for Faded Minds." Why should it not be so?

We provide cabmen, who are already the proprietors of rainproof cabs, with shelters; and dogs, who much prefer a life of unconstrained vagabondage, with luxurious asylums. Is not the nation's mind of more import than cabmen and discontented dogs?

And truly it is no very great exaggeration to say that the national intellect is likely to be menaced with a sort of paralysis, or actual enfeeblement, by the pace it has to run, and the variety of contortions it has to suffer in its course.

For the rich there are already a multitude of resources akin to this remedy suggested for the national benefit. Hydropathic and other establishments do good work in their way, and a thousand watering places recreate their hundreds of thousands. But for the millions, whose purses sigh at the impossibility of more than a day's holiday, or more than two or three days' abstention from labor, what resource is there?

Perhaps after while it may occur to us to take this matter in hand. Worse schemes have been set before the public, and have been received with approbation.

LEARN your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing; in nowise change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry. Observe system in all you do and undertake. What ever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Be self reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself. Never fail to keep your appointments or to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed, except when sleeping.

IT is probable that not a little harm is done in the education of the young by unduly appealing to the sense of wonder. Wonder is essentially a stupid emotion; it certainly is the one that stupid people are most eager to gratify. In lieu of wonder however we may very usefully stimulate curiosity; and this may be done in a general way by representing everything as leading us on, if properly considered, to views and truths beyond itself.

EVERY man has a natural inclination to communicate what he knows; and if he does not do so, it is because his reason and judgment are strong enough to control this inherent propensity. When you find a friend who can exercise absolute power over the communicative instinct, wear him in your heart. If you have no such friend, keep your own counsel.

WHATEVER may be the elements of external beauty, there are certain well defined features in the power of seeing and appreciating it. Perhaps the most essential of all is simplicity. Until a man honestly accepts his own real taste and sincerely avows it, he has no foundation upon which to build a better. It is the elemental germ without which there can be no cultivation.

GOOD manners must have a solid foundation in kindness and self-control. To be genuine, they must be the fruit of sincerity and good feeling; and their exercise must be in conformity with the working of these qualities in the heart. No art can successfully counterfeit true elegance of manners and deportment. To be real, they must have roots deep below the surface in the soul and heart.

THE tiniest daisy that smiles so sweetly at our feet owes its existence to the patient pushing upward of the small germ against all the obstacles of soil and stones; and were it conscious it might tell a tale of daily difficulty and danger sturdily met and bravely overcome. So in humanity itself all that is finest and most beautiful is intertwined with difficulty.

IF men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

The World's Happenings.

The mercury stood at 105 degrees in the shade at Los Angeles a few days ago.

The schoolteachers of Cincinnati have not been paid their salaries since April.

It is estimated that there are 13 000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world.

A colored man at Albany, Ga., has served no less than twenty-one terms in jail for fighting.

A young woman at Madison, Ind., being frightened, screamed loudly, dislocating her jaw.

The Bey of Tunis has at last issued a decree absolutely prohibiting slavery in his dominions.

The German Emperor's new rules for wearing uniforms in the navy fill a book of forty pages.

There is a girl in New York who has a record of five feet four inches in the standing high jump.

The placing of the last stone in the spire of the Cathedral at Ulm raises it to a height of 530 feet, and makes it the highest cathedral in the world.

Somebody who has been looking up the matter says that there are now only five States in the Union in which a schoolmaster can legally flog a pupil.

One hundred boys and girls of Woodland, Cal., whose ages range from 12 to 19 years, have formed a Co-operative Fruit Canning and Drying Union.

The servants in the Imperial palace at Berlin and Potsdam are so wretchedly paid that they have petitioned the Grand Marshal of the court for a considerable increase.

A company has been formed to rent out steamer chairs for $1 for a trip across the ocean. The chairs are supplied with little tables designed to hold a plate, tumbler and a bottle.

The German Empress Frederick loves little children. She can often be seen to stop and pat the little ones she meets in her daily walks, and never fails to speak kindly to them.

Franklin, Ga., has a monstrosity in the shape of a chicken. "A peculiarly shaped egg did not hatch, and was broken. It contained a chicken with four well-formed legs and three wings."

Dr. John Hall, of the Fifth Avenue (New York) Presbyterian Church, has been nearly 23 years its pastor, and in that time has been absent from the pulpit but twice on account of sickness.

Captain Herbert Beecher, son of Henry Ward Beecher, has been acquitted of a charge of abstracting a book from the records of the custom house at Port Townsend while he was Collector of Customs.

Instead of paying the clergyman a cash fee, a bridegroom the other day presented to the divine who officiated a set of vestments and an ecclesiastical ring engraved on the inside to commemorate the occasion.

A silver match box now in course of production will be a copy of the trick cigar case with which people are familiar. The compartment containing matches may be so manipulated as to make it appear empty.

Professor Lintner, State Entomologist of New York, has made a microscopic examination of the insect collections of a single electric light, and estimates that the debris which he inspected represented 33,000 insects.

One of New York's famous young legal lights recently adorned his neckwear with a pin headed by a white enameled foolscap sheet containing what purported to be typewritten characters. In the extreme corner a cluster of rubies took the place of a seal.

Mrs. Jane Moore, a negro woman, living in Milledgeville, Ga., gave her age to the census-taker as 121 years. Her oldest living child is 85 years old, and since its birth she has been blessed with 27 others. She is evidently not less than 110 years old, and may be 121, as she says.

Some one looted man who is hobbling through the world can get his missing member by applying to the Bay City Police Department. It was found the other day in a barrel of brine near an old hospital, well enough preserved for the owner to give it at least a decent burial.

Quite a humorous incident is illustrated by an oxidized silver umbrella handle of late issue. The upper part of the stick represents a tree with spreading branches, and on the furthermost one sits a barefooted darkey with eyes bulging with terror, anxiously watching the movements of a bear below.

A couple from New York State, who were married recently by a Newark, N. J., justice, on being questioned, explained that they had simply come to town on business, and while shopping made up their minds to get married. The groom is 57 years old, and the bride, who was his housekeeper, is 22 years younger.

At Bloomfield, Ia., on a recent night, the leading lady of an amateur dramatic company fired into a crowd of young men who were peeping into her dressing-room, using a pistol loaded with soap. One of the men, named Toole, was wounded, and had her arrested. The Justice dismissed her, and lectured Toole.

A remarkable woman is Mrs. Mary Wing, wife of Thomas Wing, of Fayette, Me. She is 80 years of age, and during the past year has done the cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, knitting, etc., for a family of four. Last fall she cleaned her house throughout, and in addition to all her other work has made since last October over 200 pounds of butter. She is able to ride out ten or twelve miles in a day, appears as jovial and happy as any young person, and is in the best of health.

A Pittsburg hotel owner, talking about matches, says that they are quite an item of expense in running a hotel. He adds: "We use thousands of them every day. About three out of every four guests at a hotel, when they call for a box of matches, put the box in their pocket. I have sent half a dozen boxes to one room in as many days. The guests think it is all right to carry off the matches, but when you figure up what a year's supply costs you will find it to be hundreds of dollars."

LITTLE CHILDREN.

BY A. C.

Blessings—blessings on the beds
Whose white pillows softly bear
Rows of little shining heads
That have never known a care!

Pity for the heart that bleeds
In the homestead desolate,
Where no little troubling needs
Make the weary working wait!

Safely—safely to the fold
Bring them, wheresoe'er they be,
Thou who saidst to them of old,
"Suffer them to come to Me."

Squirrel.

BY S. U. W.

IN a flood of yellow sunshine stood Abbot's Grange one May afternoon, looking the very picture of smiling ease and comfort; spring flower beds dotted about its sloping lawns, budding woods thick with bright blue hyacinths sheltering it carefully from north-east winds, and a soft sweep of corn-cropped, hawthorn-hedged valley nestling, as it were, under the protecting shadow of its grey gables and many-windowed front.

But its seeming quietude was only—to put it correctly—brick deep. Within the quaint old rooms of the dwelling a very peculiar turmoil was going on; a terrible upsetting of things as they had been; amazed submission of things as they now appeared to be; dismay and blank dread of what might yet be coming.

For in the last week of chill, fickle April, Miss Pleasance Westbrook, spinster mistress of Abbot's Grange, had suddenly resigned control of all her worldly possessions.

A nipping night-frost, and a firm refusal to have a fire in her bedroom because the right date for such luxuries was past by five days, had proved too much for the lady of fourscore. A swift attack of bronchitis afforded her a rapid and almost painless exit from mortal scenes, but the unexpected summons created strange disturbance among survivors that began almost as soon as the last "Amen" was said over her grave. Then, as one of the carriages turned out of the church yard gate, said Mr. Westbrook, of High Courts, Gloucestershire, the rich merchant-nephew of the departed lady, to her solicitor, John Foster:

"I suppose those young connections of mine come in for pretty near everything of the old lady's, don't they? Do you happen to know if she's paid me the compliment of a diamond ring or a silver soup ladle? Of course, you've got her will?"

"Really," was the answer, "I can give you no information at present. My father had entire management of the Abbot's Grange business, and he died some six months ago."

"But you stepped into his shoes, didn't you?"

"Only partly. Miss Westbrook looked on me as comparatively juvenile, I fancy, though I have been in the firm the last five years. She never honored me with any confidential communications, and even took all private papers from our office, the will most likely among them."

"Ah, then that elder girl yonder will know its whereabouts. She's rather a good-looking young party. Ought to marry well if she's got a third of the old man's board. Got any engagement, do you know?"

No, Mr. Foster did not know. Perhaps the question struck him as unseasonable, coming the minute after the service where half the village had been crying over the loss of their kind, if eccentric, old friend.

Anyhow, the young lawyer gazed studiously out of the carriage window as they wound slowly up the hill, and turned the conversation to the beauty of some noble oaks that skirted the road right and left.

"Ah! ha! good timber that," commented Westbrook critically. "I'd have it down if it was mine and turn it into capital that fetched twenty per cent. Can't see the good of trees standing sucking up the land any more than lazy horses eating their heads off in the stable. My father, you know—brother of the old lady, yonder," with a nod towards the church, "only got as much as his sister when his father dropped: But he was wise. Married into trade. My mother's people were in East India shipping. He made a mint of money, and turned High Courts that he bought cheap, into a regular show place. I've stuck to the same line, and," with a knowing expression, "haven't lost money, you bet. I got a little extra nous from my mother."

"And a little something else," thought John Foster, but aloud he said:

"Miss Westbrook's cousin, the grandmother of these young people she adopted, married into some county family, did she not?"

Mr. Westbrook laughed. "Exactly so. Country gentleman in Norfolk, of the good old style. Lived up to the knocker, and left about half what he began with. Then his son must needs go bond for a friend, and lost even that. 'Whoso hateth suretyship,' say I—that's how these young Ferrers come to be paupers."

"Miss Westbrook was greatly attached to them, sir."

"Ah! So I suppose. She was a sentimental old conservative. And their grandmother had been brought up with her like an own sister, I've heard. So instead of letting them prog for themselves, as I recommended her to do ten years ago, the last time I saw her, she took them in and did for them. Oh, here we are at the house again. My train goes from Crowchester at four, sharp. So now for the will."

Mr. Westbrook might say "Now for the will!" To everyone's profound astonishment no will whatever was forthcoming. Olive Ferrers, a graceful, dark-eyed girl of one-and-twenty, now in sore grief at losing the loving guardian of her orphaned years, knew nothing of the all-important document.

"Did it matter much," she said wearily, when the rector and John Foster sought her out in the library, where her sister and young brother were trying to comfort her, "it seemed horrible to be troubling about money so soon after——"

And then she broke off, her sad eyes full of tears, and the young lawyer felt how vivid was the contrast between her bearing and Mr. Westbrook's, and how her present pathos suited the girl even better than the bright manner which had rather turned his head when lately he had paid professional visits to the Grange.

But though it went against the grain with him to vex her, he explained clearly and forcibly how needful it was to try and find this will at once.

"And Miss Westbrook never told her where she had put it? Never mentioned its details to her? Naturally Mr. Westbrook would like to know them before he left."

The only response to this was that Olive was certain Aunt Pleasance had never mentioned the matter in any way. Some things she never liked to speak of. This must have been one. Perhaps she had not made a will at all.

"But my dear young lady," cried the rector, "that is impossible! It would leave you without a farthing! Miss Westbrook would never have done it.

"I know she wouldn't," put in Olive's young sister Helen, a delicate girl of fifteen, "if she could help it. But auntie was ill only such a little time. Very likely she may have forgotten it."

"Forgotten it!" repeated the clergyman in dismay. "My poor, dear child, don't suggest such a chance."

"Or, I will tell you what," said the youngest of the adopted trio, a lithe, clever-faced boy of twelve, emerging from a window curtain, where he had been trying to hide a tear stained countenance. "Poor old auntie put it off too long, perhaps. You know I was with her the—the last morning, just when she turned worse, and she whispered, 'I want to tell Olive——' so I fetched Olive, but then auntie seemed to have forgotten everything. She could only look at us puzzled-like, and—and never spoke any more."

Then the lad burrowed back among the curtains, being much ashamed to be caught crying. And the rector and the lawyer left the room in the utmost perplexity.

Every likely place was ransacked within the next hour. Every servant was questioned. The coachman remembered driving his mistress from the late Mr. Foster's office, some time last autumn, to Barnby's Bank, and they took a tin box with them. Off to Barnby's Bank went the coachman now again, returning with the said depository, which the late Mr. Foster's son searched through with the deepest anxiety. Bonds were there of railways, and canals, and gas companies, a mortgage, stock of half a dozen kinds, but alas! no will. Mr. Westbrook telegraphed to his home that he should not be back until further notice.

"It is desirable that I remain to see this through," he said, and ordered the butler to have a room prepared for him for an indefinite stay. The butler carried the command to the housekeeper in high affront.

"He speaks to me as if I was a boy in buttons," said he. "You and me ain't used to such masterful ways, Mrs. Wicks."

But as one day after another, and then a whole week, went by, and still no will was forthcoming, Mr. Westbrook felt a growing right to indulge in as much masterfulness as he pleased, which was a good deal.

"The probability is," he said loftily to John Foster, who was there every day, conducting a rigorous search through every room in the house, "my late deceased aunt came to her senses at the last. We had a few words about these young Ferrers last time I saw her. I told her plump and plain they'd no right to a penny from her. She was a spirity old party, though, and said she should do what she chose with her own, for I and my children had plenty without being her heirs. After that there was a coolness between us, but she'd plenty of sense, and no doubt she saw I was in the right, and so died intestate purposely that I should step in and take my due. Till anything else is proved, Mr. Foster, I shall act on that supposition."

Mortified that he could not gainsay this arrogant gentleman, yet deeply excited on purely personal grounds, John Foster could only acquiesce in this unlucky inference. Miss Westbrook must have died without a will.

"I'm driven to that conclusion unwillingly enough," he said to pale Olive Ferrers one morning, when, after hours of turning over half-a-century's collection of old letters and worthless savings, they stood together in the littered drawing-room, each feeling blankly that no more was to be done; "most grievously unjust as she has been to you——" But Olive stopped him.

"You are not to say that even to me please, Mr. Foster; we owe too much to Aunt Pleasance. Now, as we have no one else in the world, we must try and make our own way."

"But, good heavens! how?" exclaimed the young man almost impatiently. This poor girl knew as little as a baby about making her own way in a hustling, greedy, selfish world. "My dear Miss Ferrers, you can't calculate the difficulties that lie before you. Surely Mr. Westbrook——" But there John Foster had to end abruptly.

What would be the use of his holding out hopes about division of property, of any liberality whatever on Mr. Westbrook's part, when he well knew he had not got a generous spark in him from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot!

Truly, when ownership had first appeared possible, the gentleman had vaguely dropped hints about allowing the young people a few thousands, but as time went on and no will was unearthed, another casual douceur had diminished it to a few hundreds. What ultimate point of contraction it might reach the young man feared to think. So he checked himself with embarrassment, and could only wind up with some rather incoherent remarks about arrangements being made for Miss Ferrers' comfort, and if there was anything he could do——!

Olive colored. Something in the earnestness of his last words make her tremble. She was afraid of relying on him too much, and yet, in this trouble, perhaps she might take his help for a little while.

"I think Mr. Westbrook intends settling what is to be done this afternoon," she said nervously; "afterwards I may be—glad to ask your advice. I am most anxious about Cyril. I am afraid Mr. Westbrook does not much like——"

Here Olive's half-uttered opinion was unexpectedly emphasized from without. Through the door, standing ajar, came Mr. Westbrook's voice, ringing with anger:

"Cyril! What are you up to there? Kick that beast down stairs this moment."

"Toots is doing no harm, sir," answered the boy's clear voice. "Aunt Pleasance always let us play hide and seek on the gallery."

"Your Aunt Pleasance, as you call her, could do as she liked. Now I order what I choose. That clumsy brute will smash those cases of birds. Send him down this moment; do you hear, you young rascal?"

Cyril's temper, frank and pliant enough under civility, had been brushed in every possible wrong direction by Mr. Westbrook during these last few days. Now it suddenly bristled up like a hedge-hog's prickles.

"I'm no more of a rascal than you are, sir! Olive said Toots and I could walk here till she'd done those old papers, so I shall not come down until she calls me."

Here Olive hurried into the hall. Mr. Westbrook, purple with rage, was storming up at Cyril who, with flaming cheeks and bright eyes, stood defiantly at the top of the broad old stairs; Toots, a knowledgeable fox-terrier, sniffing excitedly between the balustrades, as if only waiting the word of command to make for their mutual enemy's calves.

"I'll put a brick around that cur's neck and have him dropped in the nearest pond," cried the Irish gentleman; "while, as for your sister, she's perfectly aware, or ought to be, that she's no more right to give orders in this house than the scullery-maid." (John Foster here made a quick step forward. Olive silenced his indignation with an entreating glance.) "I am master here. Now come down, or I vow I'll horsewhip you."

"You'll have to catch me first, sir," said Cyril coolly; "but I'll do as Olive tells me, of course."

"Then come down, Squirrel darling," his sister exclaimed. And the lad, with Toots in attendance, was at her side in a twinkling. "My brother had no idea of trangressing by playing there," she explained with quiet courtesy to Mr. Westbrook; "nor I bidding him do so. Perhaps he and Toots had better go out for an hour or so now."

"Not till he has apologized to me for his impudence," fumed Mr. Westbrook. "Beg my pardon, young—whippersnapper, then you may go."

"I'm afraid I shall have to stop a long while first," said Cyril. "No, Olive"—protestingly—"I've nothing to beg his pardon for, and I'm not going to do it."

Olive, distressed, looked appealingly at Mr. Foster.

"No impertinence was meant, I am sure, sir," said the young lawyer promptly. "All will go right if Cyril runs out again, as Miss Ferrers suggests."

"If Miss Ferrers lets him do anything of the sort, she's as—as—disrespectful as the boy," retorted the unsoothable gentleman.

"Neither he nor she nor any one on the place seems to understand who I am. I require an immediate apology from that young scamp."

"Then you won't get it," said the "young scamp," coolly braving the man who was now domineering over Olive.

"You shall be locked up till you eat humble pie," cried Mr. Westbrook, advancing furiously on Cyril, but rapidly retreating as Toots rushed to the fore with a vicious snap. "Miss Ferrers, I presume you have some control over your brother? I require him to stay alone in the library yonder until he comes to his sober senses and speaks the words I consider my due. Will you desire him to go into that room, or must he be taken there by force?"

"My brother never disputes a wish of mine, Mr. Westbrook," said Olive, painfully excited, yet wonderfully self controlled. "Squirrel, dear, not because I consider you require punishing, but for peace sake, please go into the library. When I have spoken to Mr. Westbrook presently I will come for you."

She stooped and laid her cheek on the lad's curly head a moment. Then off he stalked with a lump in his throat to the little room at the left of the hall.

Mr. Westbrook triumphantly turned the key upon him with; "Stop there, sir, till I let you out." John Foster walked forth among the lilacs and syringas to keep himself from making unprofessional remarks, and Olive fled upstairs to treat her forced calm to a good cry before recounting this fresh misadventure to her sister Helen.

* * * * * *

Luncheon that day was an excessively gloomy affair; the lawyer racked his brains for conversation, but for once could find none. The girls were silent and without appetite. The sight of Cyril's vacant place choked Helen. Mr. Westbrook ate his cold lamb and salad with ostentatious affectation of enjoyment. But old Bond could easily discern, as he carried the news to the servants' hall, "that things was a coming to a head."

"I'll trouble you in the drawing room, Miss Ferrers for a few minutes," said Mr. Westbrook, having finished, he got up and pushed his chair from him; and as the two went thither, Helen following her sister with anxious eyes, John Foster longing to be by her, perhaps all four felt little easier than the lonely young culprit locked up in the library.

He, to tell the truth, was not particularly to be pitied. Having firm faith in his sister, he resigned all thought of the future to her, and, with the wisdom of his few years, was now exercising himself on the burning topic of the moment, i. e., how to give his jailer the slip!

"There you stop till I let you out," Mr. Westbrook had said. A boastful cockcrow that went sorely against Squirrel's grain. Into durance vile he had gone cheerfully at Olive's asking, but out of it he fully meant to get without leave of any Mr. Westbrook. For means to this end he now systematically set himself searching.

The door was fast, no question about that. He broke his pen-knife in a futile

attempt to slip the lock, and then gave it up.

Naturally the window suggested itself as the next best means of exit. Unfortunately that was full nine feet from the ground, the Grange front being well raised over a line of cellars, and, although the drop was nothing to a boy of his weight, an anti-burglarious row of posts with triple well-spiked chains offered serious objections to this manner of escape. What was to be done? Squirrel planted himself in the middle of his prison and eyed his surroundings interrogatively.

In front was that impracticable window; behind him every inch of wall except the door-space was lined with close packed shelves of books—the same with the whole wall on his right hand.

Opposite this was the wide, quaint tiled hearth under the shallow, high-shouldered chimney piece; one side of the fireplace a small door opened into a tiny book-room, which Aunt Pleasance used to call her sanctum; on the other side stood a bookcase of four feet high, above which hung a picture of the last Squire Westbrook in a pigtail and bright blue coat.

As his quick glance took all in, his cell looked perfectly iron-bound, and Squirrel's heart sank within him. Must he, after all, stop there like a rat in a trap, but to be let out by that odious, overbearing monster, Mr. Westbrook? Was there no chink he could edge himself out by, no loophole he could wriggle through? Yes! joy! there was! Oh, happiest of happy thoughts, what about the chimney?

Those smoky funnels at the Grange were none of your screwed up, beflued modern contrivances, but ample, generous air passages running boldly up from basement to roof.

Cyril knew all about them. He had personally inspected the interior of one when workmen had been repairing the many stacks above, and had safely worked his way down to Olive's own bedroom.

Now if he could only voyage upward from the library, cat-like range the tiles, and descend again by the old route, what a capital joke it would be. Quick as thought Cyril stepped on the stout bars of the grate and cautiously inserted head and shoulders up the inky entrance. Hurrah! He could see a bit of blue sky high up aloft.

Nimble as his namesake he began the ascent. A brick jutting conveniently here and there lent friendly help. He had to grope along with closed eyes, for bits of mortar and little nests of disturbed soot came peppering about him. Careful and crab-like he hauled himself safely up till nigh the level of the library ceiling. Then he nearly came to grief.

He seemed to have got a beautiful foothold on a brick or two, when he suddenly slipped. Down went one leg, but not down the chimney, down the other side somehow. Preserving his balance with difficulty, Squirrel rubbed his dusty eyes with his grimy hand, and peered about him.

Only faint murky light struggled to his aid, but he could just discern something remarkably odd. An opening there was on the left side of the chimney, not more than two feet square, and the cavity beyond must be of some size, for as the lad feebly positively-poked his leg about, it came in contact with no other wall. Whatever could this place be? A bricked-up cupboard perhaps; a hiding-hole for cavaliers, priests, Jacobites, what not?

Cyril's spirit of adventure rose within him. In for a penny, in for a pound. He'd go through that hole and possibly ferret out the secrets of centuries. So through he went, feet foremost this time, and easily enough, for what felt like brick steps assisted his descent into a space which, by faintest light and much patting around, he discovered to be a small chamber matching in size Aunt Pleasance's sanctum the other side of the fireplace.

Here was an exciting find! How pleased old Auntie would have been to know it. How Olive would have liked it if they had been stopping at the Grange. As for that surly Mr. Westbrook, though, he should never hear of this romantic den. Cyril only wished it might be full of ghosts that would come out and scare him if he ever lived at that place. But ghosts in it were neither tangible nor visible now.

After ever so long of stealthy creeping and feeling throughout its length and breadth Cyril could find nothing but ancient cobwebs and layers of dust and debris, a wooden something, narrow table or shelf, a lock or fastening, and——

At that point of investigation the boy was startled by sounds that appeared strangely close, being, in fact, as he soon remembered, in the adjacent library. Some one spoke. It was that nice fellow Foster, and his words were:

"Now, Cyril, my lad, if you'll just say to Mr. Westbrook ——why, how's this? I can't see him. Cyril! Where's he vanished to?"

'Jumped out of the window, I'll warrant," rasped forth another voice (the enemy's!) "Expected a thrashing if he did not eat humble-pie, and, by George, he should have it too, if I'd my way." (Cyril tinged with wrath to the tips of his toes.)

"I don't see how he could jump out here without hurting himself," was the anxious answer from the window-way. "I do hope the boy is safe. His sister——"

"There, there," snarled the old gentleman. "Don't trouble yourself to make a fuss over the young sneak"—(Cyril clenched his dirty little fist and almost wished he had not started on this chimney expedition) "the men about the grounds must look out for him, and I'll rate him soundly when we catch him. Now I'm going to look over, h'm—h'm—my farms. I wish you good-day, Mr. Foster. If you will make it convenient to be here by ten to-morrow we'll meet in this room and can begin to wind up matters."

"Then, Miss Ferrers—"

"Appears," with a grunt, "to desire perfect independence, sir. She can have it if she chooses. So much the better for my pocket. She gives her final decision in the morning. Good afternoon."

A heavy step left the library, crossed the hall, and slammed the front door. Every sound echoed in Cyril's drum-like retreat.

John Foster seemed to be staying behind. Cyril heard him give a sigh that was half a groan. He was a regular good chap. The boy had half a mind to tap on the thin panel which divided them, and tell him so but another entrance checked him. It was Olive this time.

"Oh, Mr. Foster," she began, "did Cyril—where is he please? Has Mr. Westbrook let him out?"

"No, he let himself out I fancy by the window, if was the response. "I'll hunt him up before I leave. We shall find him all right. But Miss Ferrers—can you. Will you look on me just as your man of business, as if I were my father, in fact? Will you tell me what Mr. Westbrook has offered in lieu of what every one expected you and your brother and sister would have?"

Cyril strained his ears. Olive appeared to hesitate, then broke out passionately.

"What has he offered! A pittance Mr. Foster, that might I suppose just keep us from starving, but which I must verily begin to starve before I would accept on his terms! I am to make Cyril beg his pardon, and then, perhaps, only perhaps, he will get him an office boy's place with one of his partners at Bristol. And to Helen and me he offers fifty pounds a year; enough, he says, for us to live on in lodgings, with Cyril's wages to help! Mr. Foster, beggars must not be choosers, but I think I would rather die than touch a penny from Mr. Westbrook." ("And right you are, Olive," whispered Cyril in his dungeon.)

"But my dear—dear Miss Ferrers, what is to be done? Whom else, what else have you to turn to?"

"No one, nothing, or next to nothing. But, Mr. Foster, Cyril has something; nearly two hundred pounds I think a godmother left him. Now surely I can send him to some school with that, and I know when he's a little older he will work like a man to help me and Helen." ("Won't I too!" murmured the sooty one.) "As for me I will find some school where they will let me teach, and Helen can live there for my pay. It's only for her sake I—feel—it—hard."

("There now that's horrid: Olive's crying," muttered Squirrel, begriming his eyelids with his own knuckles.)

Mr. Foster seemed to walk up and down in agitation; then shut the library door and halted,

"Miss Ferrers, your plan, your determination are worthy of you. But one thing fails you. Your brother's money cannot I know be touched till he is of age."

"Then—oh, what shall we do?"

"This; let me advance a couple of hundred, lend it, give it to you. Oh wait a moment! Let me tell you what no one on earth should have known if you'd been rich and prosperous. I have seen you so often, and so much, I could no more help loving you than I could help living! I don't know about family, and ancestors, and so forth, I only know my father's name was an honored one for fifty years, and, please God, I'll do nothing to sully it, and if you'll share it with me, your brother and sister shall be mine, and you shall never know a care that I can shield you from! What, what will you say?"

Cyril could hear Olive sobbing. He very nearly committed himself by an audible accompaniment. ("John Foster, you're a Trojan," said he softly. "If Olive will have you. I'll give you Toots for a wedding present; but, now then, hark!")

"I can't, I can't say 'Yes,'" Olive faltered, "it would be wicked of me."

"Ah, you don't care for me! You think me presumptuous."

"Presumptuous! Mr. Foster, Aunt Pleasance always said you were far too good to be just a lawyer."

"And you, you yourself?"

"I—liked—you always."

("Thought as much!" chuckled Squirrel. "She always colored up when that young man came.")

"But," rapturously, "can you ever love me?"

"I—think—I—can."

"Olive, my dearest."

(Then ensued some seconds over which Cyril positively blushed. Love ecstasies are utterly preposterous to extreme youth.)

"But now," said Olive presently, in such a changed voice, "you must never feel you took me, took us, out of pity. You must be very certain of your own mind before you tie yourself to us penniless people."

"I can never be more certain than now, my Olive."

"Ah! but you shall have time to think about it. If only you will send Cyril somewhere, that much I will freely take of you. You shall pay yourself by-and-by. But for one year I mean to work for Helen as I said. Then if you still want me—" From that part of her project she was immovable. So with satisfaction enough in his heart to tide him over even a twelve month's waiting, the young man parted from his new-gained love.

Cyril had to blush again in the dark over the lover's farewells, and then when his solitude was silent once more, he set about thinking how to get out of confinement.

For reasons of his own a twenty-foot higher climb was not desirable. Therefore with extreme care he regained the aperture by which he had entered, slowly lowered himself to the bars of the grate, squatted there like an imp, taking off his tell-tale shoes, listened to find the coast clear, then warily slipped off to his own room, bolted himself in and spent an hour to such purpose that when at last he made his way downstairs no trace of his sweep's exploit was left upon him.

* * * * * * *

The two girls' anxious questions as to his mode of exit from his prison, Cyril contrived to parry. Mr. Westbrook's high and mighty scowls at the dinner table he bore with exemplary meekness. When his sisters both implored him to behave discreetly at the next morning's conclave in the library, to which Mr. Westbrook all but ordered the trio, he promised faithfully to keep his temper, come what might, and sedulously patted Toots sleek head to conceal the twinkle in his eye when Olive added, as herald of great glad tidings:

"For things may, after all, turn out better than they will sound, dear Squirrel."

Ten o'clock next morning found the Grange party and John Foster assembling in the appointed room, Mr. Westbrook swelling with arrogant importance, which Olive might have found bad to bear, had not a glance between her lawyer and herself given her a delicious sense of happy strength.

"Ah—h'm," rasped out Mr. Westbrook, seating himself in the heavy oak chair that stood at one end of the old Turkey hearthrug. "Ah—h'm, I see that boy is not here; but he is of no consequence whatever, so we need not wait. As it is very evident my late respected AUNT," (his tone implied capital letters to her honor, now he had come into her money) "has died intestate, I feel the time has come, when, as her HEIR" (honor requested it for himself this time) "I take natural possession of her entire property. I feel it is my right, so I shall not make any bones about doing it. As I intend shutting up the house for the summer, the first thing to do is to get rid of the servants. Miss Helen ring the bell."

Bond, appearing in answer, was desired to fetch up all the domestics. Seven filing in, headed by the grey-headed housekeeper, every one of them was summarily dismissed with the noble douceur of a month's wages. Bond had been servant to the Westbrooks nigh forty years; the housekeeper but little less; the rest were no strangers in the place. Each one Miss Pleasance had seemed to care for.

Upon each this sudden ordering out of a good home, without a civil word to soften it, came roughly.

Olive flushed with mortification. Hot tears of shame sprang to her eyes, as without a word, but with keen disappointment on every face, the little band accepted their notice and withdrew.

For the life of her she could not help secretly applauding the kitchen maid—a new comer of two years standing—who, as she passed Mr. Westbrook, turned down the corners of her good-humored mouth and tossed her head contemptuously.

"Oh! indeed," said the gentleman, as this young person disappeared, "You called me 'Mean wretch,' did you, Miss Country-impudence! I'll see if that can't be remembered when you want a character."

Olive looked at him wonderingly. "Indeed I don't think Jane said a single word," she exclaimed.

"Nonsense, Miss Ferrers. Don't undertake excusing servants as well as your brother. The boy will be handful enough for you. The girl said 'Mean wretch.' I heard her distinctly, didn't you, Mr. Foster?"

"I am afraid some one did," confessed that gentleman reluctantly, "but who——"

"Oh that brazen-faced girl," retorted Mr. Westbrook, "and that's enough about it. Now to proceed. The tenants of my farms, Mr. Foster, must have notice to quit at Michaelmas or renew their leases at higher rents."

"But, sir, rents are falling about here; three of your tenants have been on the land, father to son, for generations. They are good farmers and I am afraid they would look on such notices as rather unfair.

"Then let 'em and be hanged to 'em," cried the new landlord. "I daresay you and they find it pleasant to work the property between you. 'You tickle me, Toby, I'll tickle you,' style of thing, eh? But I'm neither a fool nor a woman. I shall put the screw on where I choose; you can be my man if you like, Mr. Foster, if not there are other lawyers in Crowchester, I suppose."

"There are sir, and you'd better select one," said the young man quietly. "My father and grandfather before him managed this property to the satisfaction of that gentleman"—indicating the blue-coated squire left of the fireplace—"and of his daughter for three-quarters of a century, but for myself I now beg to resign the office of your solicitor." And—ridiculous fancy to be sure—the pigtailed portrait positively seemed to nod approval of this resignation.

"Well done," cried Mr. Westbrook sharply. "I don't know which of you young ladies remarked 'Well done,' to this high falutin' speech, but allow me to say, while you are eating the bread of charity under my roof, I consider these words an impertinence."

"I never said 'Well done,'" exclaimed Olive, turning scarlet.

"Nor I," said Helen timidly.

"If I'd time to waste on the matter," said Mr. Westbrook incredulously, "I should insist on your withdrawing the words; but I've not. I merely beg to inform you now that the fifty pounds a year I offered to you is not to be looked upon in the light of a pension. It is purely a matter of charity, which I continue or suspend as matters direct. I must request that you be ready to leave the Grange on Saturday next. As for your brother, on reconsideration, I decline to have anything to do with him. You, or"—sneering—"Mr. Foster perhaps must look about and find him a home."

"Much obliged, sir, but he has got one," said a voice that seemed to issue from the back of Mr. Westbrook's chair.

"What the devil is that," cried the gentleman starting up, and Toots, who had got in as the servants went out, and had been uneasily smelling about in all directions, now bolted with yelps of joy towards the fireside bookcase.

"It was Squirrel speaking," cried Helen.

"But he's not here," exclaimed Olive.

"Yes he is," returned the semi-ghostly tone quite cheerfully, and the long piece of oak panelling on which hung old Geoffrey Westbrook's portrait, swung slowly forward, disclosing the soot-smirched countenance of Master Cyril, holding in his hand a tin case, marked with Miss Pleasance Westbrook's name in white letters.

"It's her will," he cried exultingly. "I went up the chimney yesterday, to get out of Mr. Westbrook's clutches, and slipped in here and found it all by chance. And I knew Aunt Pleasance could not have got up the chimney so I came here to day and brought some matches with me, and found this little door out. Auntie knew about it of course, and hid the old parchment up here I suppose. Take it, please, Mr. Foster. I've read it all through. Mr. Westbrook's got the family plate, because she wished it to go with the name, and we've got all the rest. Thank you, Mr. Westbrook, for locking me up yesterday. I'm very much obliged to you. We should never have found Aunt Pien's will if you hadn't been so savage with me for nothing!"

* * * * * * *

That sting rankled in Mr. Westbrook's memory for many a day, but he made a rapid retreat after his unexpected rout, taking himself disgustedly off to his own wealthy home before that name night set in.

Abbot's Grange and all appertaining thereto, came to what kind old Miss Pleasance used to call her "imitation grandchildren." The servants got their legacies and kept their places; pretty Olive got in honest John Foster a better husband than she might ever have chanced on had she been known mistress of her handsome fortune. Toots is living into a tenderly cherished old age, and Squirrel, now a smart young officer in the Royal Engineers, gives himself a congratulatory pat upon the back whenever he recalls that May-day's exploration and its wonderful results.

How They Cooked Me.

BY T. C.

ERNEST, do you ever intend to get married?" questioned my provoking sister Minnie, just as I had finished reading the last chapter of a new novel to my good mother,—an irksome task I had imposed myself in the most heroic spirit of self-sacrifice.

"I feel half inclined to answer you by putting a similar query, Minnie," I replied; "but since you, like a stranger's letter, must be left till called for, I will be less curious, and tell you frankly that I do not know whether such an auspicious event will ever happen to me or not. However, if I should make up my mind to contract matrimony, you may rely upon being duly informed of the fact."

"Oh, then you were not the terrible monster you once were?" continued Minnie.

"What do you mean, Minnie? I do not understand you," I said. My sister knew very well I did not like the subject.

"Well, don't fly into a rage, Ernest, and I will explain myself forthwith," said Minnie. "Are you still a woman hater?"

"No, I am neither a lover nor a hater of your sex at present," I replied.

"Now, mamma, isn't that too bad?" said Minnie. "I really think sometimes our poor Ernest has taken leave of his senses, or is laboring under some dreadful mania. The idea! A fine young gentleman like you openly avowing indifference to our sex, Ernest, I am shocked, and shall remain so until you cultivate a more manly estimate of womankind."

"You know nothing at all about it," said I; "and I must once more remind you that the present topic is distasteful to me. Why, then, do you persevere in trying to vex me simply because I have not yet discovered the right object? As for the honor I may or may not bring to the house of Morland, rest assured, dear sister, that my opinions of your sex can bring discredit upon no one, for few men value a true woman more highly than I do. Your solicitude for my welfare may be natural, Minnie, but it is not pleasant, and I intend to please myself about a matter which concerns nobody else."

"Stop, Ernest, stop!" exclaimed Minnie. "Do not be offended."

However, I did not stop, but went on faster than ever.

"I am over thirty," said I, "and shall soon be called an old bachelor, I suppose. Well, whose fault is it that I am not married? What is the reason of my prolonged experience of single blessedness? Why, simply because I have not yet encountered a lady whom I could love. Youth, wealth and beauty have flattered and courted me. I have been chosen as an object of special regard by your strong-minded women, just

as an old dowager would choose a French poodle. Nay, some of the most delicate syrens of Eve's fair family have deigned to smile upon me, and yet I have heeded them not. And why? Because I believed them, and still believe, that in their eyes wealth was the chief attraction, that not one, even one, amongst the gay and loving throng were actuated by a spirit of disinterested affection. There, you inquisitive minx, you have a bit of my mind," said I, and in truth, I had never spoken so candidly on the subject before.

"A very nice little speech, Ernest," observed Minnie, archly, "and I deeply regret my inability to have taken it down in short hand for some future occasion; but I am greatly surprised to learn that ladies are in the habit of wooing gentlemen."

"Not with words, perhaps," I replied; "but the eye can speak as well as the tongue."

"Doubtless you are right, Ernest," said my sister, "but will you condescend to tell me (since you have rejected my overtures) what sort of a wife would be likely to suit your august excellency?"

"Why, you tormenting little puss," I exclaimed, "you know very well the kind of article I am looking for, and that I would class myself amongst the happiest of men if I were permitted to meet with one whose principles, disposition, and habits corresponded with—with ——"

"Well, sir?" interrupted Minnie.

"Your own, Minnie," I replied.

"Nay, brother, that is a false compliment I am certain," persisted the incorrigible girl. "A plain, quiet, corner-haunting creature; a nursery and kitchen philosopher; one who can manage a house better than a flirtation; an amuser and teacher of children, whose fingers play more with the needle and thread than the keyboard, would never be the person to captivate the gay and talented Ernest Morland. Never, never," said Minnie, and she gazed upon me with a smile of well-feigned incredulity.

"But believe me, Minnie, such an individual would be the very one for me, if she were as poor as a dressmaker and as ugly as Miss Longpures," I exclaimed, quite delighted with my sister's modest description of herself, "and if I had been going to place my wants on the books of a matrimonial agent, I could not have chosen fitter words."

"Ha! ha! ha! Singular case of mental aberration. Ernest Morland advertising for a wife! A heart to let unfurnished! Ha! ha!" exclaimed Minnie, and she laughed away until I was compelled to join her in self defence. Our hilarity, however, at last subsided, and taking a lamp from the table, my sympathizing sister said, "Well, Ernest I am truly sorry I cannot find you a proper partner; but in the hope that the right object will turn up by and by, I bid you good night."

"Good night, Minnie," said I; "and, remember, if you please, that we are to have no more matrimonial discussions."

* * * * * *

As I entered the breakfast room on the following morning Minnie placed a letter in my hand, saying, as she did so,—

"Read that, Ernest. It is from Cousin Anne at Wakefield."

On proceeding to obey this peremptory order, I found the contents of the letter to be as follows:—

"Broomley Hall, Wakefield, May 18—

"Dear Aunt and Cousin—Feeling inclined for a little change of scene, I shall be glad to avail myself of your kind invitation to visit London, provided such an arrangement would be agreeable at this time. I write this in some haste, so you must excuse a long letter. I shall have much to tell you when I arrive, and I intend to bring with me the young lady (my companion) of whom I have so often spoken. I think she is in many respects perfection itself, and I am sure you will like her. My love to all. Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain, your affectionate cousin,

ANNIE HILTON."

"Hum, a very business like communication, truly," said I, returning the note to my sister; "and so this wonderful country cousin has at length decided upon coming up to town and snowing herself, has she? Well, you had better reply to her letter by return of post, and let us have a look at her by all means."

"Yes, Ernest," said my mother, "I intend to do so, for I have a great wish that Minnie should see the young person whom your cousin mentions in her letter. I understand she is very accomplished though very poor."

"None the less worthy on that account, mother," said I; "but one thing is quite certain, I shall note—"

"Marry Cousin Annie," interrupted Minnie, laughing.

"No, Miss Matchmaker, I shall not do that, although I had no intention of saying so," I replied rather sharply.

"Well, Ernest, I do not think you will be asked to perpetrate such an act; but I trust you will behave yourself like a gentleman and a Christian whilst she remains with us," said my mother, with a quiet smile.

"Do not be alarmed on that score, my dear mother," I replied; and, seeing they were both bent upon disturbing my equanimity, I finished my breakfast in silence, and drove into the city.

Well, in less than a week after the above conversation took place, my cousin Annie, accompanied by her companion, arrived at our house.

They must have come early in the afternoon, for, when I returned from town about my usual time, Minnie was preparing tea in our little sitting-room, and the two strangers (to me at least) were very snugly disposed upon the hearth.

As I have said, my cousin was quite unknown to me. I had never seen her before although I had heard a good deal about her from my mother and Minnie, who had each praised our Yorkshire relative in the highest terms. I was therefore considerably prepossessed in her favor beforehand; but, alas! a most complete and crushing change came over the spirit of my dream, just exactly as I thought it would. And that others may be able to sympathize with me in as cruel a disappointment, I will trouble them with a brief outline of the individual who caused it.

Imagine, then, a prim spinster, rapidly approaching forty, attired after the fashion of middle aged ladies in general, fidgety, critical and peevish, without a single particle of feminine beauty or tenderness, a tall, wiry-looking personage, devoid of everything save English grammar and regular habits, and you will have an idea of the charming belle of a cousin, whom I was expected to admire. Nay, it cost me no small effort to keep my countenance during our formal introduction, for a glance was quite sufficient to enable me to read the main sections of her character. Instead, therefore, of admiring, I despised her manners, and pitied the poor vain creature herself. An execrable pianiste, an insufferable singer, a perpetual talker, and as ignorant as a Hottentot of household philosophy, what could a sensible bachelor do but be barely civil to such a social fright? Nay, I believe the very name of Annie would have become disagreeable to my ears, had it not been borne by a far more interesting person —my cousin's companion. Yes, she, too, was called Annie; and had I not known better, I should have taken her for Miss Hilton—that wealthy dame for her poor companion. Apparently about five-and-twenty, tall, graceful, and retiring, with a voice far sweeter than silver bells, or the strains of an Æolian harp, she seemed formed to go through the world like the embodied ideal of some enamored poet. In short, I was puzzled with what I heard and saw.

My rich, proud cousin treated her dependent so familiarly, made so free with her on all occasions, that it would have been impossible for any one to have noticed the least distinction between them.

She played and sang like a professor; danced with equal skill and grace; spoke French and Italian fluently; and appeared so thoroughly at home when at home, that even I, who am no flatterer, pronounced her clever and thought her something more. But I was totally at a loss to account for her present position on any other hypothesis than that some misfortune had befallen her family. Being, however, altogether ignorant of her history, I doubted the genuineness of her pictures at first; but she promptly convinced me, during the execution of a masterly little piece of work, that she was, in truth, a very respectable artist.

Why was she then the attendant of my Yorkshire cousin? Why not a governess in some great house? In vain I put these queries to myself. Surely her story must be a strange one, I thought; and with a growing interest I could not quell, I resolved, if possible, to know something of her past life. But the time for my cousin's departure was drawing very near. What could I do to prolong her stay?

These thoughts were still uppermost in my mind, and no opportunity had yet presented itself for the desired interview, when my Sister Minnie came and told me that "Annie" had expressed her wish to return home, although she had certainly enjoyed her visit exceedingly.

"But what do you say, Ernest?" continued Minnie; "should we not press her to remain a few days longer?"

Determined to be on my guard, I merely replied, "Well, Minnie, it is a matter in which I can have little interest; but if you and mother like the lady's society, ask her to remain by all means."

This was done, and I did not allow many days to pass without obtaining the longed-for tete-a-tete with the brilliant Miss Watson. It was during one of her evening rambles in the garden that I resolved to satisfy a feeling which it would not be fair to call idle curiosity. She was reserved at first, but I persevered. Still, she spoke reluctantly, and still I pressed her to tell me more.

The leading incidents of her eventful life were briefly related in simple language. Several times I thought I could discern a strange sort of a smile playing about her beautiful countenance, but was too excited to attribute it to any particular cause. Her story was soon told. It was full of thrilling interest to me, but with the sequel so near at hand it could hardly so affect the reader. She was a hidden diamond—a gem without the world's bright setting—yet purer and brighter than the richest treasures of earth, because radiant in the light of innocence and truth.

Need I dwell long upon the result of this fatal interview? No. I proposed—was accepted, and in less than two minutes after I had been made happy for the rest of my existence, I was made awfully uncomfortable by the merry peals of laughter which rang through our house from top to bottom, revealing the fact that I had been made the victim of an unpardonable plot, the principal factor being no other than Annie Hilton, of Bromley Hall, the future wife of Ernest Morland. In a month I was married; not, indeed, to a poor lady's companion, but to a rich and beautiful heiress; and although many years have gone over our heads, I have never found any reason to deplore, or find fault with, "How They Cooked Me."

THEY WERE POPULAR.—A young married woman tells a quaint little experience of hers, while sojourning as a brand-new bride in a new town in the wild west.

She had in her possession a pair of black kid gloves, which turned out to be the only pair in camp. Besides settling the question of her social standing right from the start, this fact caused her to be the recipient of many flattering little attentions from the matrons of the camp, who did not know how soon they might need the loan of the emblems of mortality.

Society in the camp was mixed and somewhat unconventional. On her first appearance on Sunday before the eyes of the shaved and shining camp the black kids made their appearance out of respect for the day.

On Tuesday she had a feminine caller, who, after introducing herself, and beating about the bush a little, asked "if she could lend her the loan of her gloves," alleging as a reason that her husband had been stabbed in the back that morning. The gloves were lent and returned with zealous care at the close of the obsequies.

That first year in camp was a hard one on deputy sheriffs, and several times did born relicts of these officers come to her on treating the loan of those black kid gloves to wear at their husbands' funerals; and each time they came back a trifle more stretched and more frayed out than before, until finally she left off wearing them at all herself, and devoted them entirely to camp buryings.

SHE HAD "CONFIDENCE IN THE NURSE."—Says a writer in a Chicago paper: At a dinner party in London early last week I was much amazed by a conversation which I overheard passing between two ladies:

"Oh, my dear Lady ——," cried the hostess, "I am so delighted to see you! I feared you would be unable to come, for I heard that your precious children were ill."

"Yes, dear," answered the other, "the little darlings have been, oh! so seriously ill for a week, and I have been so alarmed about them!"

"Yes," continued the hostess, "dear Lady —— was to have been with us this evening, but she sent word to day that her little Edith was ill, and that she would not be able to come. I feared that you might feel as if the illness of your precious children ought to keep you at home."

This was a pretty severe slap, but "my dear Lady ——" bore it very sweetly; she didn't even wince—in fact, I doubt whether the inane, soapy thing appreciated the sarcasm at all.

"Oh, but I have so much confidence in nurse," she answered, amiably: "and even if I were there, what more could I do than the nurse?"

SUSPENDING THE JUDGMENT.—There are few powers of mind so necessary to discover as that of suspending the judgment. All scientists must exercise it, or their work is valueless. We demand it in the court-room and the jury-box, and usually insist upon it when any very serious charge is brought against a man's character.

But, however, in ordinary life it is not so. The most crude and unproved statements are put forth without any apparent sense of injustice.

We hear that such a one is gloomy and discontented, and another frivolous and vain; that one man is supposed to be tricky in business, and another supposed to neglect his family; that one woman is extravagant and fickle, and another selfish and inhospitable.

Daily and hourly are reputations thus stained and good names tarnished, always needlessly, and often unjustly. However, such impressions may have been gained, if they were dealt with as the astronomer would deal with his, if they were subjected to careful and patient investigation before they were proclaimed, many of them would remain unspoken, and much injury and sorrow be prevented. M. S.

NEW WAY OF DOING IT.—The two men who had been sitting together in the seat near the door of the car became engaged in an animated controversy, and their loud voices attracted the attention of all the other passengers. Suddenly one of them rose up and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to you to decide a disputed point. My friend here insists that not more than three persons out of five believe they have souls. I take a more cheerful view of humanity than that. Will all of you who believe you have souls raise your right hands?"

Every right hand in the car went up.

"Thank you," he said with a smile. "Keep them up just a moment. Now, will all of you who believe in a hereafter please raise your left hand also?"

Every left hand in the car went up.

"Thank you again," he said, "now while all of you have your hands raised," he continued drawing a pair of revolvers and levelling them, "my friend here will go down the aisle and relieve you of whatever valuables you may happen to have. Lively, now, Jim."

TO THE condemnations of tight lacing Professor Virchow added his strong word in a recent lecture, at Berlin, on diseases of the liver. He pointed out that "the outward pressure of tight lacing so surely affected the internal organs that from the shape of a liver one could determine to what period of fashion the possessor belonged. Excessive lacing caused whole portions of the liver to disappear. Others grew abnormally, causing changes of the most vital importance to the patient."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Last winter Luman Foote, a Connecticut farmer, ascertained that it would cost him $15 to fill his ice house, therefore he filled it with damp snow, well trodden down, at a cost of $1 25. The snow has kept very well and half of it yet remains. Of course he cannot use the snow in his refrigerator and ice pitcher, but he places meat, fish, milk, butter, etc., on the snow in the ice house, such articles keep as well as they would on ice.

A statute recently set up at Kaiserslautern, Germany, in memory of the late Emperor Frederick, has a pretty history. Years ago, Frederick, then crown prince, visited the children's hospital there, and in his kindly way went about talking to the little ones. Among them was a cripple whose name the prince asked; and when the lad shyly said, "Frederick," the prince took his little namesake in his arms caressingly. The incident is reproduced in the statue, which stands in the hospital yard, close by the spot where it occurred.

A Dutch physician has recently declared that a close connection exists between the exercise of our mental faculties and disorders of the nose. The opinion is expressed that if it were generally known how many cases of chronic headache, of inability to learn or to perform mental work, were due to chronic disease of the nose, many of these cases would be easily cured, and the number of child victims of the all so called over pressure in education would be notably reduced. According to the above mentioned authority, it would seem that breathing through the nose is absolutely indispensible in order to secure the full value of the mental capacity.

There is something wierd and uncanny, which will exactly suit the provincial Russian, in the form of the monument which the Kharkoff clergy have chosen to erect in their town in commemoration of the Borki accident. The monument consists of a massive silver clock, the face of which is turned in the direction where the accident happened. Once a year only, at the exact moment when the Czar and his family escaped being killed in the railway disaster, a heavy silver bell strikes solemnly for five minutes, after which the clock is silent for a another twelvemonth. If some Russian mushichook does not run away with it before the first anniversary of the accident, the silver bell will soon be heard for the first time.

A lunatic, named Blackett, escaped from the Hospital for the Insane, at Independence, Ia., the other afternoon, and going to the river at the outskirts of the city, undressed and proceeded to take a bath. This was about three o'clock. At seven o'clock persons at Quasqueton, about twenty miles below Independence on the river, telephoned that a nude man had gone over the dam at that place alive and had then proceeded on his way down stream, and that they had procured a boat and captured him about a mile below the village. Blackett was sent for and taken back to the hospital the same night. When captured he was nearly exhausted, and probably could not have swum a half hour longer. He seemed to be quite rational, and said that he intended to swim until his strength was gone and then drown.

A veteran steeple painter interviewed by a Detroit paper, says that he is as much at home on the top of a two hundred foot spire as he is down on the ground. He adds: "It is now over twenty years since I went into the steeple painting business. My usual method is to climb up in the belfry tower and then grope my way up among the rafters and beams until I get to a point quite near the apex. Then I bore a hole through the wooden sides, cut a small opening, and let drop an inch rope. Often the old spires have not been touched for years; and as I slowly clamber upward on the inside, groping about the darkness, I frighten from their haunts scores of bats and other birds of night, with an occasional pigeon or a flock of songsters which have come there to build their nests. When I get the rope running free through the small aperture, I make a sling in one end, den my working clothes, and a trusty friend, by means of block and tackle, hoists me to my pinnacle in mid air. Then I begin to scrape or paint, as the case may be, heeding nothing that is going on about. High up in the air, the sounds of earth are lost to me, and were it not for the occasional screaming of the birds circling my head, I would be living and working in a world of silence. I never look down, for if I did I would probably grow dizzy and be dashed to pieces in a fearful fall to the earth."

Our Young Folks.

KING TIME.

BY S. M. CRAWLEY.

AN OLD man was walking at sunset on the king's highway. His hair and beard were white as the driven snow, and his step was noiseless. On one of his shoulders sat a dove, on the other a raven; and before him flitted an owl.

The old man walked slowly, partly no doubt from the weight of years, partly because he carried many things; for his right hand held an hour-glass, his left a reaping hook, and round his neck suspended by a chain, was a casket of purest gold.

Presently the owl gave an uneasy hoot and flitted back to its master, who paused with a face a trifle graver than it was before. For a few paces from him stood a tiny girl, apparently some five or six years old, with ragged frock, bare feet, thin white cheeks, and blue eyes so mournful that they might never have looked on the joys of childhood.

"What are you doing here?" asked he of the hour-glass, in such a gentle voice that the little one looked up fearlessly into his face.

"Nothing," answered she.

"But that is wrong," said the other, "do you not know this is my highway, and that you are my subject? You are bound to serve me, and woe to him who misuses or seeks to injure me!"

"Are you a king?" inquired the child softly, and a wondering look came into her eyes—"if so, where is your crown; and what do you carry in that pretty casket?"

A smile like a sunbeam spread over the elder's face as he replied—

"Yes, I am King Time. In this"—and he glanced at the hour-glass—"I measure the lives of my subjects, and when the harvest of their good and evil deeds is ripe, I reap it with this hook. My casket is full of pleasant things, hopes, gifts, treats, and so one, with rose-colored hope at the bottom to beautify all the rest. But,"and the smile died from the speaker's lips, "how is it you are here idle, for none are too young to serve?"

"I have no parents no home," said the little one pleadingly. "Folks call me Dorothy, and give me coppers sometimes to buy bread."

"God's gift," murmured the king to himself, "yet thrown aside carelessly, as if of no account," and shifting the hour glass under his left arm, he held out the disengaged hand to his companion. "Come," said he kindly, "you speak truthfully. I will find you all you most need, and your new friends will teach you how to serve me rightly. Then you will deserve some of the treasures from my casket, and will know they are royal gifts.

"You are very good," said Dorothy, glancing up as she trotted along by the elder's side to keep pace with his strides. "Surely no one tries to kill you, really?"

"They do, as I will show you perhaps some day," was the prompt reply, "and what I dislike almost as much as that is that some make themselves my slaves, forgetting that I too have a Master.

"Yes, those are mostly the money-worshippers, every moment is sacred to the pursuit of gain. Well, they are their own enemies, and I do not interfere. Those who misuse me are in greater number than either of the other kinds, and all I require is loving faithful service."

Now Dorothy did not understand a good deal of what the king said, and her mind was full of questions, only there was no time for them to pass her lips. For she had reached the garden gates of a beautiful house, and the guide went straight through them, holding his newly found subject by the hand.

In this place lived some rich people who had everything the world could give, except children; and when Dorothy appeared they took her at once for their own, as a precious loan from King Time.

As he turned to go he said gently—

"She was a stranger and you took her in. On you shall rest a choice blessing," and opening his casket, the speaker strewed the floor with myrtle leaves and bright hopes.

What need to assure you that the little girl prospered in her new home, and year after year she did her best to serve the king who had been so gracious.

Still his words of long ago puzzled her when they returned to memory, for the child was sheltered from evil and could not realize its existence. But one night his majesty visited Dorothy as she lay snugly tucked in bed with closed eyes, and she welcomed him gladly, for she knew him at once by the birds and the hour-glass.

Only, instead of the reaping-hook, the king carried a picture book, which he opened when he had sat down, saying—

"Live and learn, dear child. The hour is ripe for you to understand some evil things, and, that you may better avoid them, I will show you my pictures."

On the first page the wondering though interested gazer saw a couple of girls, many years older than herself, who were seated together in a sunny room. One had a piece of fancy work thrown across her knees, and in the lap of the other lay a story book; yet neither girl was occupied.

"Oh, dear," said the worker, "how slow time goes in this dull place. Life is hardly worth living if there's no ball in prospect, or at least a party of some sort."

The raven here fluttered angrily, and croaked, as the king whispered in Dorothy's ear—

"These are some of the people who do me great injury by their idle ways and discontent. Poor silly things! They are more to be pitied, though, than blamed, for they have not been taught how to serve me properly, and are too stupid to learn by themselves. Now see here."

The little girl turned her eyes to the next picture.

It was a gas lit room in a London house, and a bald-headed man sat poring over account books at his desk, his whole soul evidently wrapped in the columns of figures before him. Presently the door opened and a servant appeared.

"If you please, sir, a poor woman wishes to see you on business."

The bald-headed man glanced at a clock above him.

"Half an hour after business hours, Thomas, the office is closed—she must come again to morrow!" Still Thomas paused.

"She seems in great distress, sir."

The other frowned and give his shoulders an impatient shrug.

"Can't help it. I'm busy. She must come again," and the door was shut.

"That is one of my slaves," whispered the king, with a sad look on his face. "He has grown into a kind of a machine, and will not be put out of his way for anything or anybody."

Again the raven croaked, and the page was turned over with a sigh of relief. On the next were several small pictures, and at the sight of them the dove began cooing softly, but the raven is silent.

One was the ward in a children's hospital, and between the rows of tiny cots walked sweet-faced women, in white caps and pink cotton gowns, giving a smile or word to some invalids, tending, comforting amusing others.

Then came a village school, full of happy child faces, and mistress hard at work in the midst.

Lastly might be seen a lady and her daughter plodding across the snow, laden with good things for the inmates of a tumble down thatched cottage in the distance.

"All these people are doing something for others," said Dorothy, looking up after a few minutes of thought. "Is that the best way of serving you? Are we never to think of our selves?"

A sudden light came into the old man's face, and the dove fluttered to Dorothy's shoulder, nestling there with a caressing movement.

"Child," was the solemn answer, "there is so much to be done for others, and so many ways of doing it, that there is no excuse for an instant's idleness. See, the grains of sand in this hour-glass are of gold and when once they have run through, can never be recalled. Store them up, then as they pass, and remember that each kindly unselfish action, each loving word, each quarrel smoothed, each enemy reconciled, is a priceless atom of gold laid up in my storehouse to benefit you in the end."

"Hoot," said the owl, "these are the words of wisdom."

Dorothy's eyes were downcast, and when she raised them her visitor had gone.

"No, I cannot ever forget," she murmured "and if only other folk could see what I have been allowed to see this night, they would never be slaves, still less would they be idle and discontented, but they must rather choose as I do—to give a loving faithful service to great King Time."

KEEPING AND THROWING AWAY.—To almost everything there are two sides; and time, patience, or words are not thrown away in realising this ourselves and helping others to do so. Strive all we may to go through life with a hard-and-fast rule, Nature will assert herself. Some men will keep more than they can use; others will let slip through their fingers what afterwards they would give worlds to have kept.

Let every one at least be sure that what he means to keep is worth keeping to him, and what he throws away is thrown away intentionally, deliberately, to gain something else which shall make him happier in the days to come.

This anyhow is a guiding principle, an abiding law, which each man must apply for himself—as certain, alas, as it is that, when he counts up his treasures in the silence of old age, he will find he has thrown some away with a light heart which the possession of all the rest will never entirely make up for!

BERTIE'S JOKE.

BY A. S. PENN.

"HOPE," said Bertie, "I can't bear that old doctor. Stupid old chap. He's in uncle's study. Calls me 'good little man,' as if I was a baby. Ugh! I'm ten."

They were all three sitting on the dresser in the kitchen, watching cook, who was not very pleased to have them there.

"I don't much care for them either," said Hope.

"I don't care for eizer," said Cissie, who was Hope's echo.

Bertie Thomas and his cousin Hope Butler had always been friends from the time when Hope was three and Bertie four. At that time their parents had taken them into the country, and let them play out of doors like little village children to grow ruddy and strong. Hope still owned a bird's nest which she had found lying on the ground in those days.

"How I should like to play him a trick!" said Bertie, resting his chin on his hands. "He'll stop to lunch. What a joke to put some of these dead flies in his pudding!"

In the summer the kitchen was so full of flies that cook had to place poisonous or sticky papers everywhere, to kill them. In consequence there were numbers of the dead insects on the dresser, and Bertie was beginning to sweep them into a heap when cook turned round, her face very red, and a patch of flour on her chin.

"Now you be off," she said, lifting Cissie down with her floury hands. "I haven't room to move. Come, Miss Hope, just you take them upstairs."

Hope led the way up into the dining-room. Cissie following her, but Bertie remained below,

"I wish he would come up too," Hope sighed disconsolately; "but the more cook tries to make him the more he won't. Oh, here he is!" she cried, for there was a light step on the kitchen stairs. "Let's hide!" And she pulled Cissie into the corner behind the door, where they both stood peering through the crack by the hinges.

From here they saw Bertie, with a fly-paper in his hand, approach the hall table. There lay the hat and gloves of the old doctor. He lifted the hat, placed the paper under it, and set it down again, then pressed his hands over his mouth to stifle his laughter.

His next move was to enter the dining-room on tip-toe, while Hope drew her little sister farther behind the door. In an instant he must have seen them, but a loud knock at the front door came just then, and he flew to the bow-window.

"Why, it's our Mary!" he cried, and ran to open the door, the two girls following. It was his elder sister who stood there, with a pale anxious face.

"Mother is very ill, Bertie," she said, "and she is asking for you. Come with me quickly. Hope, tell aunt that mother is worse."

Bertie snatched his hat from its peg, and the door closed behind him and Mary. The sisters dashed upstairs to their mother with the news that Aunt Alice was worse and that Bertie was gone.

Mrs. Butler went out directly after, and the rest of the day was very dull to the children. The doctor stayed to lunch, so that they did not even see their father till late in the afternoon, when his voice was heard calling sharply—

"Hope! Cissie!"

They ran down, and found him standing by the hall table on which lay the fly-paper. The doctor's hat and gloves were gone.

"Hope, is it you who played this trick?"

"No, papa," she answered, turning scarlet.

"You then, Cissie?"

"No, papa."

Mr. Butler looked at their innocent faces. "Who did, then, if you did not?"

No answer.

"I am afraid," he said, slowly, "that one of my little girls is saying what is not true. Go to your bedroom, and do not come out again until I give you leave."

The children obeyed, and for long afterwards they sat on the edge of their bed, Cissie crying aloud, and Hope more quietly.

"What for didn't you you say it was Bertie?" asked Cissie in a pathetic voice.

"I don't want papa to be cross with him," Hope answered with a sob. "And it isn't nice to tell tales. You won't tell, will you, Ciss."

"I won't if you don't," said the child, "Oh, how I wish mamma would come home!"

But when Mrs. Butler did come matters were not improved. She heard about the practical joke from her husband, who had quite forgotten that Bertie had been in the house after the doctor's arrival.

Very sadly and gravely she looked at the two little faces on the pillow when she went to their room. The children had gone to bed, and were asleep, but red eyes and wet lashes showed how unhappy they had been.

In the morning their mother came to their room as they were dressing.

"Aunt Alice is much better," she said. "No, I can't kiss you at present, but after breakfast you must both come to papa and me in the study."

There were more tears when she left them, for mamma had hardly ever refused a morning kiss. And when the time came they both stood trembling outside the study door, before they had courage to enter.

"You won't tell, really, will you, Cissie?"

"No, I promise faithfully."

They went in, holding each other's hands.

"Come here, Hope," said Mrs. Butler; "you are the eldest and ought—"

She paused and listened, for she heard a knock.

A man's voice reached their ears, a step ascended the stairs, and the doctor came in.

"Morning, morning, Mrs. Butler. Well, little trots," and he patted the cheeks of the little girls. "I ran in to give you this book, Mr. Butler. And, by the way, I've found out the scamp that ruined my best hat. Look there!"

He was gone in a moment, leaving a little note which Mr. Butler read aloud—

"Dear Dr. Butler:—I am very sorry that I put that sticky thing on your hat. I told father, and he says I am to ask you to let me buy you another. I have got a pound and fourpence.

"Your affectionate friend,
"BERTIE."

Mr. and Mrs. Butler both laughed, and then the little girls laughed too.

"Don't be cross with Bertie," whispered Hope, as her father kissed her, but Cissie heard her, and repeated with her arms round her mother's neck, "Don't be cwoss with Bertie."

FOR HER BROTHER'S SAKE.—Two little children were left alone in the world by the death of their parents. One was a girl of eleven, named Francoise Marie, the other was a boy of four. I cannot tell you his name, for I never heard it; but he lived to be a very old man, and always spoke of his sister with reverence and love.

When Francoise was left alone, she made up her mind to be a mother to her little brother. Some kind neighbors offered to adopt both the children, but Francoise knew that all the villagers were too poor to take more than one child into their family, and she could not bear to be separated from her little brother. So she refused the kind offers, and for three whole years she kept him, working hard at spinning and knitting to earn the money, and all the time loving him with tenderest care.

Then there came a terrible winter. The frost was severe, and lasted so long, that the wolves left the forests and came prowling round the village for food.

One sad day Francoise had been baking. The bread was lying on the table to cool, and smelt so nice that a hungry wolf burst into the cottage, followed by her three whelps. The little mother was brave as well as loving. With a heavy stick she faced the big wolf, and had almost driven it to the door when she saw one of the whelps going towards her brother, who was small enough for them to attack.

Francoise dropped her stick, seized the boy, and pushing him into a cupboard, fastened the door on him.

But that brave deed cost the faithful girl her life. The big wolf sprang at he throat, and she died, a martyr for her brother's sake.

M. S.

MAKING IT UP.

BY E. U. W.

Slowly but surely we're coming together,
We who've been parted for more than a year;
Temper has come to the end of the tether,
Love and forgiveness are looming anear.

Sunshine will break through the stormiest weather,
Surely 'twill break through a storm in a cup;
Slowly but surely we're coming together;
Slowly but surely we're making it up.

First it was I who despatched her a letter,
"Hoping, of course, we were still to be friends;"
(Hoping at heart we were still something better);
Lo! in reply, it's her love that she sends!

Ah! but forgiveness is hard to unfetter;
Still we remember that "storm in a cup;"
First it was I who despatched her a letter;
Slowly but surely we're making it up!

DOVES AND PIGEONS.

The habits and manner of life of the dove appeal to us all. Everything about it is interesting—whether it be the beauty and purity of its plumage, the swiftness of its flight, its love of home, its gentleness, its travels, or its attachment and service to man; and yet we knew scarcely anything about this bird until old John Moore, the friend of Pope, published his "Columbarium" in 1735. It is a curious old book, and so rare that I think only one original copy exists.

At what period man added the dove to his list of domestic feathered retainers is not accurately known, but it must have been at a very remote period.

In formers days it was a privilege of noble birth to keep a dovecot. In Provence, for example, a weathercock on the chestean, and a dovecot, were each and all signs that a family was ancient and of high birth.

In Ispahan a dovecot is still looked on as a great privilege. There are at the present time above three thousand in that city, but they are the exclusive privilege of the natives; no Christian may possess one.

With us it is different; the dove itself has broken down the barrier, and delights to grace with its presence our castles and our barns, our cathedrals and our workhouses, our seats of learning and our homes all alike.

In Egypt it appears that the pigeon houses are reckoned an important part of the husbandman's estate, and it is a proverb in that country that "a man possessed of doves need not be careful about the disposal of his daughter."

By the Indians, also, a pigeon roost or dovecot is considered an important source of national profit, and we shall see as we get on why this is so.

Pigeons are not confined to one or to a few countries. Go where one will, to the desolate and rugged range of cliffs as far north as Cape Wrath or on the wild precipices of the Orkneys, to sunny India or the primeval forests of America, to the rocky ravines near Genesareth or on the rocks round Norfolk Island, to our own charming woods and picturesque villages, to the Piazza of St. Mark's, Venice, the Gardens of the Tuileries in Paris, or the English gardens in Munich, the doves are sure to be there, greeting the traveller in their peculiarly graceful way, and fascinating him by the bright colors glittering on their breasts as they move to and fro.

There are as many as seventy different kinds of pigeon, which may account for their being found in every variety of clime. All of these derive their origin from the species known as the rock dove, which, in its wild state, is spread throughout the whole world. All the varieties breed with each other and with the wild rock dove, and without due care they soon degenerate, as it is termed, and acquire the same form and coloring.

Of these varieties the most aristocratic is the carrier pigeon; and certainly none can be traced to so remote an antiquity. It is doubtless of Eastern origin. Some few among pigeon fanciers place the blue rock pigeon side by side with the carrier, as of equal rank; but this is a matter of opinion.

The carrier is a grand bird, beautifully formed, with broad chest and very powerfully jointed wings; and in every way fitted for long continued and rapid flight.

As a rule the color of a good carrier is black or dim, though occasionally one may be seen white or blue. Its power of seeing equally well an object at a distance of many miles and a minute seed half an inch off is remarkable; but other species possess this gift equally.

The dragoon, which has now dropped out of the ranks of pigeon life, was doubtless the carrier in the less advanced state. Another and very fanciful reason for its name, is that it was bestowed on account of its noble carriage.

Carriage pigeons are greatly attached to their homes or lofts, and the intelligence they display in finding their way back, and the eagerness with which they return, are not only remarkable, but are just those qualities which recommend them to our use. Though they be carried a hundred miles away with their heads covered, they find no difficulty in returning. Neither does time wipe out the memory or the love of home.

The question will always remain a puzzle, "How do they know in what direction their home lies when at a very long distance from it?" They must use their eyes to a certain extent, otherwise how is it that the only occasions on which they fail to reach home is when the weather is foggy or misty.

The first mention of the employment of pigeons as carriers is by Ovid, who lived some forty years before the Christian era. He tells us, in his Metamorphoses, that Taurosthenes, having gained the victory at the Olympian games, gave notice of it to his father in Ægia on the same day by a pigeon stained with purple.

When Greece was in its glory, carrier pigeons were constantly used to convey to distant places the names of the victors at the Olympian games.

Hirtius and Brutus, at the siege of Mutina, Modena, carried on a correspondence with each other by means of pigeons.

History is full of references to pigeons and their service in great emergencies. During the Crusades, for example, when Acre was besieged by King Richard, Saladin habitually corresponded with the besieged by means of carrier pigeons. A shaft, however, from an English crossbow brought one of these feathered messengers to the ground, and the stratagem was discovered.

During the siege of Paris by the Germans, in the late war, communication between the besieged and the world without was maintained almost entirely by means of carrier pigeons.

In Turkey and Persia carrier pigeons are bred and trained with great care. At first they are permitted short flights of half a mile, which gradually increase, till at length they return from the most distant parts of the kingdom.

Every Bashaw has a basket of pigeons, which have been bred in the seraglio. In any emergency, such as insurrection, he dispatches them with notices back to the seraglio, and of all methods of conveying news this is found to be the safest and quickest.

Very interesting experiments are going on in France for the purpose of testing the capacities of swallows to carry messages—in fact, to take the place of pigeons. Should the expectations be realized a training school for swallows will be established at St. Valerien.

Grains of Gold.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.

Ignorance is less remote from truth than prejudice.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict.

Present evils always seem greater than those that never come.

The office of liberality consists in giving with judgment.

Attack is the reaction; I never think I have hit hard unless it rebounds.

The worst deceiver in the world is and always will be an artless innocence.

Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

It is shallowness which decides instantly, which always thinks that it knows what it is about.

Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labor of bees, will often get stung for his curiosity.

Femininities.

The Queen of Greece is one of the finest of swimmers.

Everybody's business is nobody's business except the busybody's.

Nearly 100 type-writers are employed in the Census Bureau at Washington.

A good natured splaster used to boast that she always had two good beaux—elbows.

There are some things a woman can do as well as a man, but scratching a match isn't one of them.

The worst thing about the woman who says, "I told you so," is that she generally tells the truth.

Man was made to mourn, but he has fixed things so that his wife has taken the job off his hands.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland's inheritance from the real estate of her grandfather at Omaha is said to be $60,000.

It was an Austin girl who married at 15 so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

"The berths are no wider than bureau-drawers," writes a Boston girl who is in New York to see a friend off for Europe.

The proudest boast of women in Cuba is the smallness of their feet. They require nothing larger in shoes than "Number ones."

In Austria and Hungary coffee is always served in restaurants with a big spoonful of thickly-whipped cream on the top, which makes it delicious.

A man at Brownfield, Me., who has been married 16 years and has moved 35 times during that period, thinks he has beaten the record as a rolling stone.

Autograph fans are the latest fad. On each leaf is a sketch or verse or short sentiment written by the owner's friends, in the friends' own spelling.

Word comes from Paris that Mrs. J. C. Ayer, widow of the patent medicine millionaire, is betrothed to a brother of the late Emperor of Russia's morganatic wife.

Fanny Williams, of Columbus, Ind., has completed a 10-mile grading contract on the E. and R. Railroad, and has taken a contract for 28 miles of grading on another road.

Mrs. Cockran, of Shelbyville, Ill., has invented a dish-washing machine. If this machine is a success one of the great evils of domestic life will be done away with.

A woman in Ohio not long since lost a child through diphtheria, and forced her other children to kiss the dead body. They all grew sick with the same disease and died.

The Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is making a statue of the Queen as she looked in girlhood, to be given to Kensington as a memorial of her Majesty's early life there.

"Well, Sammy, is it true that your brother John is married?" "Yes, sir." "What kind of a woman did he get?" "Oh, a kind of a home-made, second-hand lookin' one."

Ancient fans had long handles, so that ladies used their fans for walking sticks, and it was by no means unusual for testy dames to chastise unruly children by beating them with their fan sticks.

A despatch from Ohio tells of one of the shortest courtships on record. The groom was a guest at a Canton hotel. He became infatuated with the cook the day of his arrival, proposed, and, being accepted, married her at once.

She: "Perhaps you won't marry me when I confess that I have been engaged ten times in my life." He: "Did you return your lovers all their presents?" She: "Not a single one." He: "Then, darling, I forgive you!"

Mrs Brink: "Mrs. Klink! Mrs. Klink! Your little boy is in our yard stoning our chickens." Mrs. Klink: "Horrors! He'll get his feet wet in your big, ugly, damp grass. I don't see why you can't keep your lawn mowed, Mrs. Brink."

Two of the daughters of Sir Henry Isaacs, the Lord Mayor of London, are deaf and dumb. But they have been so admirably educated on the oral system in Holland that they can by lip reading understand what goes on at a theatre.

After two Brooklyn pugilists had fought five rounds the other night, and were both "badly used up," the mother of one of them, so it is stated, appeared on the scene, knocked down a few of the spectators with a club and scattered the others.

A rather pretty woman, mounted on a powerful bay horse, created a sensation in Boston on a recent morning as she rode along Beacon street. She rode astride, clothes-pin fashion, just like a man, but they say she looked entirely graceful in her Miller attire.

A woman went recently into a bookseller's shop to purchase a present for her husband, and the assistant in charge suggested a set of Shakspeare. The would-be purchaser met this proposal, however, with the prompt remark: "Oh, he read that when it first came out."

A resident of little York, Cortlandt county, N. Y., who had been greatly annoyed by mysterious noises, pulled off some clapboards near the eaves of his house the other day, when he found a colony of 207 bats. He buried them in the garden, and now sleeps undisturbed.

"Washington women are adopting divided skirts," said a dealer in such feminine equipments to a reporter. "Only the other week two ladies of Cabinet families bought them here. I will venture to say that 500 women in this city are wearing them to-day, and within a year there will be 5000."

An English etymologist deduces an argument for the superiority of woman from the fact that, while the word "him" can only be used as a substantive, the corresponding word "her" can be used also as a qualifying pronoun. You can say, for instance: "I love her because of her eyes," but you can't say, "I respect him because of him biceps."

Masculinities.

In Siam it is death to mention the king's name.

An 80-year old York citizen walked from Gettysburg to his home recently.

The best illustration of mingled hope and fear is a lazy man looking for work.

How sad it makes a man feel to observe a five-dollar straw hat on a seven-cent head.

A London firm has notified Stanley that it has named a brand of sausages in his honor.

The true moral depravity of betting on horse races is best seen by the man who backs the wrong horse.

Swigger: "Gentlemen's dress remains about the same this season, doesn't it?" Twigger: "Mine does."

"Pal" is a brother, and "Conk," for nose comes from the spouting fountain, the Roman concha. The former is from the Gipsy.

The Earl of Warwick has caused the arrest of a young tourist who scribbled his name and that of a companion on the walls of Warwick Castle.

A magpie that has just died in Meriden, Conn., could call all the members of its owner's family by name, and was quite a fluent conversationalist.

A colored thief at Bridgeport, this State, jumped into the canal, and the policeman who was chasing him followed suit and arrested the fellow in the water.

Jacob Fisher, who died lately at Kutztown, Pa., was 100 years old, had voted for nineteen Democratic candidates for President, and was never ill in his life.

John B. Noble, colored, died in New Orleans lately, aged 92 years. He was a drummer boy in the army of Jackson at the battle of Chalmette in 1814.

The longest speech on record was made in the Legislature of British Columbia by a representative named De Cosmos, who, to defeat a bill, spoke uninterruptedly for 26 hours.

John English, of St. Louis, who refused to answer the questions of the census enumerator while he was at the breakfast table, was fined $1 and costs in the United States District Court.

A novel enterprise has been started in Buffalo, N. Y. A company has been formed which will press, clean and repair men's clothing, calling for and delivering the same. The charge is $1.50 a month.

D. Edgar Crouse, a rich bachelor, of Syracuse, N. Y., is finishing a stable which is said to have cost over $700,000. It is palatial in all respects, even to the comparatively small portion which the horses will occupy.

The infant King of Spain's portrait now appears both on the coins and the postage stamps of his subjects. This is probably the first time that the countenance of so juvenile a monarch has been represented in such a manner.

Detective, to country grocer who had been robbed: "What kind of goods did the burglars take?" Storekeeper: "No goods; only money; didn't even touch my cigars." "Ah, there's a clew! Must have been some one who knows the place."

George Bartlett, aged 95 years, of Guilford, Conn., recently walked to the home of his son in New Haven, a distance of 20 miles. He did it in five hours, and when he arrived stated that he could walk back in the same time after a half-hour's rest.

Colonel Joseph Leffel, a candidate for Alderman in Springfield, is the smallest man in Ohio. He is five inches less in height than the late General Tom Thumb, and 14 pounds lighter. He is 50 years old and smaller than the youngest of his children. Colonel Leffel is a fluent talker and a man of great intelligence.

A well known French violinist was playing over a piece of music with his man-servant, who had been the public fiddler in his native village, and when they had finished he said to him: "You handle your bow very fairly, but you are always a beat behind—how is that?" "Monsieur, it is out of respect," replied the man.

A strange suicide occurred near Clinton, Ill., recently. A well-dressed man, hailing from Chicago, who had told several persons that he was going to offer himself as a sacrifice to God in order to save Chicago and other cities from predicted disaster, threw himself in front of a train and was crushed almost beyond recognition.

A Monson, Me., man was quietly fishing for suckers on the shore of a pond the other day when he was astonished to see a big fish float along by him. Not being prepared for such large game, he pulled his line out and was going to let it go by. The fish, however, probably seeing the moving bait, made a jump and landed right at the man's feet. It was a pickerel, weighing two and a half pounds.

The swearing of blood brotherhood in Africa is a peculiar function of much solemnity and responsibility in the relationship it institutes. An incision is made above the fifth rib, on the right side, and coffee berries are soaked in the blood and exchanged and eaten by the persons making the vow, which binds them to be steadfast to each other throughout life, and to give assistance in time of danger.

There is one period of life at which overwork is apt to be very disastrous—namely, between the ages of 12 and 16. During this period mental and physical development is taking place, and great strain is thrown upon every part of the organism. The boy is changing into the man, the girl into the woman. There is certainly no period in the life of any individual so fateful as this in its influence on his or her future career.

"By the way," spoke up one of the group, "what time is it?" Every man looked at his watch, answered "ten minutes past four," and replaced his timepiece in his pocket. "Beg pardon," said the questioner, a few seconds later, "but I didn't understand distinctly. What time did you say?" Every man in the crowd took his watch out again, consulted it as before, gave the same answer, and the designing wretch had won a bet of $1.50.

Recent Book Issues.

"Can Love Sin?" just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers is an original American novel, ingeniously framed and wrought out with rugged strength, while a solution to the problem put forward is deftly brought in at the close. The incidents are stirring and clever.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Cosmopolitan has the following contents for July: "High Life in Persia," illustrated. "Moths," a poem. "A Flying Trip Around the World," (fourth stage) illustrated. "Three Great Training Schools," illustrated. "Court Life at Versailles," illustrated. "American Society." "The Angelus Bell." "Trout Fishing in Lake Edward," illustrated. "Was it Typical," a story, illustrated. "A Society of Many Colorings." "Trapping a Grizzly," illustrated. "Presbyterianism in America" "The Postmaster at Bible Hill," illustrated. "Review of Current Events." "Social Problems," clubs and club life. "A Colorado Philosopher," illustrated; etc. etc. Published at New York.

Oscar Wilde furnishes the complete novel for the July issue of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*. It is entitled "The Picture of Dorian Gray," and is well written, although it has a highly sensational ending. Edward Heron-Allen in "The Cheiromancy of To day," writes on a subject with which he ought to be thoroughly familiar, and his sub-title, "The Evolution of an Occult Science," will give some idea of the general drift of his article. "Keely's Contributions to Science," by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, is a valuable paper. The Round Robin Talks are continued by Thomas P. Ochiltree, Moses P. Handy, Richard Malcom Johnston, Thomas Nelson Page, Senator W. C. Squire, J. M. Stoddart and others. John J. Ingalls is the subject of "Contemporary Biography," by J. M. S., and Felix S Oswald treats of "The Powers of the Air," in a popularly scientific way. Elizabeth Stoddard, Curtis Hall and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop are the poets.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the July *Century* is the long-expected debate on "The Single Tax," by Edward Atkinson and Henry George. Another article that makes this number of *The Century* is the beginning of *The Century's* "Prison Series," the first paper being a thrilling account of a "Yankee in Andersonville." The first of two papers on "Provence" describes and brilliantly illustrates an unhackneyed region of the Old World. Dr. Edward Eggleston in an illustrated article tells the story of "Nathaniel Bacon, the Patriot of 1676." John Burroughs prints a characteristic out-door paper entitled "A Taste of Kentucky Blue Grass." Joseph Jefferson in his splendid Autobiography, describes his early experiences in Peru and Panama. Mrs. Amelia Gore Mason describes the "Women of the French Salons of the 18th Century;" and the engraver Cole presents us with one of his most exquisitely engraved blocks. The fiction of the number consists of the second part of the "Anglomaniacs;" the ninth part of Mrs. Barr's "Olivia;" a story, "The Reign of Reason," by Viola Roseboro. There is likewise plenty of other good matter.

The July number of *The Popular Science Monthly* opens with an article by Dr. Andrew D. White on the Antiquity of Man and Prehistoric Archaeology. An illustrated account of Greenland and Greenlanders follows, in which the appearance and movement of an existing ice sheet like that which once covered the half of North America is described. President Jordan of the University of Indiana, contributes a paper on Evolution and the Distribution of Animals. Concerning Corporation Law is the title of a practical article. A useful and very timely article is on Insect Pests of the House, illustrated. Prof. F. C. Wilson gives some of his experience on Apparatus Making in Education. F. N. Riale asks, Why so many Definitions to Religion? There is an article by August Weismann on The Musical Sense in Animals and Men. In Human Heredity, Prof. James H. Stoller describes the way in which the developing human being gradually comes into his inheritance of physical and mental organs and powers. Dr. O. W. Huntington, of Harvard, gives A Talk on Meteorites. Prof. B. D. Halsted records some very readable Observations upon Doubling of Flowers. In the Editor's Table, the position of the Monthly on the protection question is emphatically stated. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

NEVER fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.

CHEAP CLOCKS AND WATCHES.

THE Swiss were perhaps the first to start the manufacture of cheap clocks and watches. The Germans followed, but they were renowned most for clocks. After the Swiss and Germans came the French and Americans, who now seem to have the field to themselves.

In the matter of cheap watches, the Americans are decidedly ahead of the French; but in cheap clocks the French are decidedly ahead of the Americans.

But how does it come that either of them can produce these articles at such prices? There are many reasons:

In the old times watch and clock making was mostly done by hand, whereas it is now almost all done by machinery.

Besides, whereas in the old days, the number of parts were about 167 or so, they are now reduced to about sixty-five or sixty-six.

But to get any idea of how cheap clocks and watches are made, we must visit one of the factories where they are turned out. While the clock and watch factories differ in many respects, they are very much alike.

The first room we enter is that in which the various wheels are made. The blanks, which have hitherto been prepared in another room, are brought in, and by the aid of an automatic machine stamped out into wheels; in another room the hands are stamped out in a similar manner; while in the third the dials are made.

Another room is devoted to the making of springs.

Here we see long ribbons of steel brought in and fed into machines, which roll out and cut them with the greatest accuracy.

In another room or shop the dials are made, and in another the cases.

The glasses of the watches are not, as a general rule, made in the factory.

These are generally ordered of glass blowers, who can supply them much cheaper than the watch manufacturer could make them, even had he the necessary appliances.

When the various parts of the watch have been duly finished, they are at last brought together, and placed in trays.

Each tray has a certain number of divisions in it, and in each division are the requisite number of parts to make a complete watch. These parts are at once put together by the deft fingers of the operatives—many of whom are females—and watches are turned out at the rate, in many cases, of two or two and a half per minute. When the watches are thus put together, they are sent to the testing room.

Here, having been wound up, they are placed in trays, with divisions, each holding two or three hundred—one in every division.

These trays are placed on pivots, and can be set at any angle. Every day they are re wound, and their positions changed for about a week.

At the end of that time those that have kept good time are sent off to be packed for sale, while those that have stopped or gone wrong are sent back to the person whose duty it is to find out the defect, and how it originated.

Very few of the great cheap watch manufacturers make clocks, while very few of the great cheap clock manufacturers make watches.

At the same time, as already remarked, the mode of making both cheap clocks and watches is in many respects very much the same. The wheels, hands, etc., are stamped out by machinery in exactly the same way.

In the same way, too, the various parts are brought together, and the clock set up. But in clocks we have a much greater variety than in watches, all cheap watches being got up very much on the same principle.

True, some cheap clocks are simply watches on a larger scale, their works being almost identical. In fact, some cheap clocks have works quite as small as those of ordinary cheap watches.

We have seen one with works even smaller. The dial, however, was made of some semi-transparent substance, and consequently the hands were very much larger.

This clock—the cost of which was only two dollars—by a certain contrivance could be fitted on a lamp, the light of which shining through the semi-transparent dial, gave it a very pretty appearance. But the majority of cheap clocks have works much larger than those of cheap watches.

Besides, a large number of our cheap clocks are alarms; but, although this necessitate a few extra wheels, it does not add to the cost.

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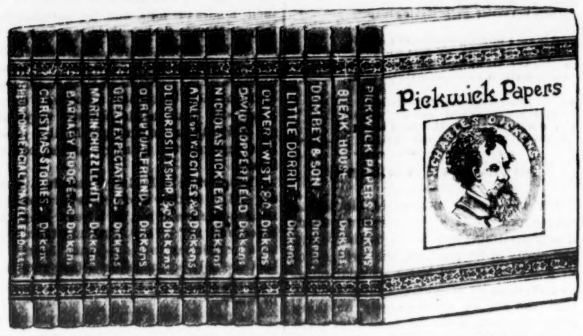

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

The cheapest clocks that can be purchased are, perhaps, those round-shaped, watch-like, white metal ones, that one can see in the windows of all cheap dealers. They work like watches with a spring, and have not any pendulum.

The pendulum, however, in the case of cheap clocks, has not yet been discarded. Hundreds and thousands of pendulum clocks are still being manufactured, and put into frames of almost every imaginable design.

Sometimes the frames are made by the manufacturer of the works, etc., but not unfrequently they are made and supplied to him by somebody else. As in the case of watches, the glasses for cheap clocks are invariably made by the glass manufacturers, hundreds of thousands of glasses being ordered at a time.

The chief materials used in the manufacture both of cheap clocks and watches are brass, steel and white metal. The brass is used for the wheels, the steel for the springs, and the white metal for the cases in the case of watches, and the frames in the case of clocks.

A GOOD TIME. — A verdant looking couple appeared one day at the parsonage of an American minister in one of the Eastern States, and the young man awkwardly explained that they wanted to be married. It was raining in torrents, as it had been all day. The candidates for matrimony had come in an open buggy, sheltered only by a single umbrella, and were so thoroughly drenched that it was necessary for them to dry their garments by the kitchen fire before the minister could proceed with the ceremony. When they reappeared, he said, "It's bad to have such a rainy day." "Waal," said the bridegroom, with the nasal twang of a rural Yankee, "that's just exactly why we come! You see it's pourin' so hard we couldn't do nothin' else; so we jest thought it was a good time to git married. Wouldn't have come if it'd been good ploughin' weather."

REPROVE NOT WITH ANGER.—Be ever gentle with the children God has given to you; watch them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," we once heard a kind father say. "I talk to them pretty much, but I do not like to beat my children—the world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle round the table, healthy and happy as they look now, on whose head, if long spared the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness fade, a cold world frown on them, but, amid all, let memory call them back to a home where a law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

TO MEET with success something more than a small effort, or a series of small efforts, is necessary. It is not by short fitful jerks but by long vigorous pulls that a boat is forced against the current. The oarsman stretches himself to his work, puts all his momentum into it, does not rest upon his oars long enough to be carried back by the current, but perseveres—and in this way only can he reach his goal. It is just the same in life—the long strong pull conquers all opposing force.

Humorous.

DELUSION.

Of "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"
I've read, I'm sure, a hundred times or more;
And yet, pray what doth balmy sleep restore?
Of what avail these much-praised slumbers deep?
It may be that with dreams the pulses leap,
That cheeks assume a tint they never wore,
That to Olympian heights our fancies soar;
But, notwithstanding, all our ills we keep.
Pshaw! Let the poets on sweet sleep dilate,
I never yet such deep delusion saw;
'Tis but excited fancy's ecstasy.
It can't restore the hair unto my pate,
It can't put teeth within my empty jaw,
Nor give me back the maid who flitted me.
—U. N. Nonn.

A letter carrier—A postage stamp.

Rare feathers—Those found on a tailor's goose.

Why is the letter d like a sailor?—Because it follows the c.

Promissory notes—Tuning the fiddle before the performance begins.

What are the most unsocial things in the world?—Mile-stones—you never see two of them together.

Customer: "What have you got in the shape of preserved cherries?" Dealer: "Only round ones, sir."

"Clara Johnson says you and I are engaged, Ethel," said Chappie. "Clara Johnson always did say every spiteful thing about me she could think of."

A Scottish minister innocently announced from his pulpit: "During the week I shall visit all members of the congregation at the north end of the town, embracing also the servant-maids."

"Papa, where's atoms?"

"Atoms? I don't know, my boy. You mean Athens."

"No, I mean atoms—the place where everything is blown to."

A leading West of England newspaper, in reporting a recent concert, remarked: "Mr. So-and-So then got up to sing, 'The Anchor's Weighed, but the anchor was too heavy for him, and he soon dropped it."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that?" "Thin," replied the other; "botherashune! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, I have."

When threatened with dismissal, an Irish man asked his employer, a building contractor: "Will you sack my brother too?" "Certainly I will!" replied the aggravated master; "where is he?" "Diggin' turf over in Ireland."

Customer: "These pants won't do; they are a mile too big round the waist." Dealer: "Mein frendt, shust you leave dot sheap boarding-house, und get your meals at mein brudder Isaac's fine restaurant, und dose bants fit you like a gourt plaster."

Newsvender: "I haven't any change; you can pay me to-morrow."

Customer: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?"

Newsvender: "Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss!"

Doctor Bolus, who was very angry when any joke was passed on his profession, once said: "I defy any person whom I ever attended to accuse me of ignorance or neglect." "That you may do safely, doctor," replied a wag; "dead men tell no tales!"

Boston magistrate, to prisoner: "You admit that you hit your husband with a stove-lid, and yet you claim there are extenuating circumstances governing the case!" Prisoner: "Yes, sah; dere was a extenuatin' sarcumstance. De stove-lid warn't hot."

A wise boy, like a wise lawyer, considers how he will answer possible objections before he puts in his plea. "Papa," said Charlie, "will you buy me a drum?" "Ah, but, my boy, you will disturb me very much if I do!" "Oh, no, papa! I won't drum only when you are asleep."

In one of his plays Addison makes an undertaker thus upbraid a mute who had laughed at a funeral: "You rascal, you, I have been raising your wages for the last two years, on condition that you appear more sorrowful, and the higher wages you receive the happier you look."

Servant girl, who has been sent by her mistress to change a book: "Now, mind you give me the right one this time!" Librarian's assistant: "You have always had the right book." Servant girl: "Well, I don't know how you make that out; I've had to change every book we've had yet!"

Old gentleman, to little boy fishing on Sunday: "Won't your parents be very angry when they learn that you have been fishing on the Sabbath-day?"

Little boy: "They will if you stand there much longer botherin' me an' scarin' the fish. I've had bad luck so far, an' ev'ry minnit counts."

A geologist was out geologising one day, and took his hammer to a country blacksmith to be sharpened, when the blacksmith said:

"An' d'ye list chap the stanes to see what's in them?"

"Yes," said the geologist.

"An' d'ye tell the lads a' about it?"

"Yes."

"Ay, ay, it's an awfu' thing edication! I didna consider my father very clever, but my sons think I'm a born idiot!"

Kentucky farmer, at country school: "Be you the teacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"So it was you that thumped the tar outen my boy Tom yesterday?"

"I did punish an unruly scholar."

"Punish! Wal, I should say so! You stamped on him, an' slugged him, an' ended by kickin' him clear across the school-yard. Is that correct?"

"Pretty near."

"Let me shake hands with you. I have to admire a man who can knock out my son Tom, for I'll be hanged if I can do it!"

TRIVIALITIES.—It is not always easy in any sphere to discriminate between the trifling and the momentous. It is often a matter of comparison, and judgment and experience are needed in the selection. Trifles are not to be confounded with details, which are often most important.

Neither are things necessarily trifling because they are small. A kind look, a gentle warning, a cordial greeting, a slight service, are sometimes deplored as trifles, when in truth they are signs of a generous and kindly nature, and carry untold blessings to their recipients. Many little things are far more important than what we miscall great ones; they may indeed be the true realities, while the others may be insignificant. If each one will faithfully examine the meanings and purposes of the various spheres in which he moves, and endeavor conscientiously to make them first in his heart and life, the trifles will sink into their proper and subordinate place.

THUMB NAIL PICTURES.—In collections centuries old, to be seen in both China and Japan, are "specimens of the most remarkable drawings in the world,"—pictures of all kinds drawn with the thumb nail. The nails of the thumb on the left hand of these peculiar artists are allowed to grow to an enormous length, sometimes a foot or eighteen inches, and are then pared down to a pen-shaped point. Dipping this oddly constructed pen in beautiful vermilion or sky blue ink, the only kind of ink used in these "sacred" thumb nail drawings, the artist gracefully outlines his work. Occasionally the bold touches from the studio of a master in this department of "high art" are life size, and are sketched by a few sweeps of the artist's arm. Like other pictures and sketches of the Orient, these sacred thumb nail pictures are mounted and rolled up like scrolls.

PUNCTUALITY.—When eight Quaker ladies had an appointment, and seven were punctual, and the eighth, being a quarter of an hour too late, began apologising for keeping the others waiting, the reply from one of them was,—

"I am sorry, friend, that thee should have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but thee had no right to waste one hour and three quarters of our time, which was not thine own."

Of Washington it is said that when his secretary, on some important occasion, was late, and excused himself by saying his watch was too slow, the reply was—

"You will have to get another watch or I another secretary."

Napoleon used to say to his marshals,—

"You may ask anything of me but time."

A SINGULAR case of blood poisoning is reported from Nyack, N. Y. Ambrose Cells, a young man well known there, lost a favorite chicken, and being anxious to know the cause of the fowl's death, he proceeded to dissect it. While cutting the chicken his knife slipped and wounded the hand of his wife, who was assisting him. The woman's hand soon after began swelling, as did also her entire arm and face, and soon she was in a terrible condition. Medical aid was called, and Mrs. Cells is now considered out of danger.

A YOUNG New York millionaire, who is called "Eugene Aram" at the clubs, because he sits "remote from all" and mopes, frankly admits that he takes no interest in anything in the world—races, base balls, yachts and other matters that generally engage the attention of young men in good health like himself, with a great fortune to spend.

He got tired of them long ago. "The truth is," he says, "I began life too early. I have been cursed by too much money. I wish I had been born poor. The poison of riches has made me unfit for anything but an ennuied and useless creature. I know my case would not awaken much sympathy, but I tell you, sir, it's a hard one."

MAN AT A DISADVANTAGE.—In the Ukraine, Russia, the maiden is the one who does all the courting. When she falls in love with a man she goes to his house and tells him the state of her feelings. If he reciprocates, all is well, and a formal marriage is duly arranged. If, however, he is unwilling, she remains there, hoping to coax him into a better mind. The poor fellow cannot treat her with the least discourtesy or turn her out, for her friends would sure to avenge the insult. His best chance, therefore, if he is really determined that he wont, is to leave his home and stay away as long she is in it. This is certainly a peculiar way of turning a man out of his house and home.

A NOVEL BOAT.—A Hungarian newspaper, in its account of the spring floods at Temesvar, reports the salvation of an old gipsy fiddler upon the quaintest boat probably that has ever been seen. The old man lived at the extreme end of the Fabriker Platz, in a wretched little cottage. He went home about midnight in a very jovial humor, lay down to sleep, and awoke about seven o'clock in the morning. When he opened his eyes; he made the unpleasant discovery that his hut was flooded, and that the water had forced its way into his bedroom. He had no movable goods except an old bedstead, a stool, and his great double bass. He coolly placed his monster fiddle, his beloved bread-winner, upon the surface of the water, seated himself astride it, and paddled himself to dry land with one of the boards of his bed amid the cheering and laughter of a number of gipsy comrades.

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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

The most remarkable point about the new chapeaux is the extraordinary manner in which violently contrasting colors are combined together; it cannot be said that the effect is always good and tasteful, on the contrary such crude mixtures as pink with violet, and emerald green with salmon or mauve, to say nothing of red with yellow, are best avoided by those who make any pretention to dressing in good taste.

Happily all chapeaux are not so gay and difficult to wear, many very charming and fashionable models are made of black lace, of black open straw, or of open bead work in very similar patterns and composed of fine dull black beads. An immense quantity of jet is used in coronets, aigrettes, clasps and galons, and combined with black or colored velvet and black lace it constitutes very ladylike and becoming little capotes.

Flower diadems and flower capotes are again in favor, especially in violets. Flower capotes, however, have the disadvantage of speedily becoming vulgarized, and Parisian ladies prefer the wreaths and bouquettes of the beautifully made velvet flowers that are too expensive to become very common. Capotes are still very small and chiefly in long turban shape, but some of the new models have brims bent down at the side, and forming an open peak in front filled in with a bow or small flower. These are a kind of modified hat shape, but are worn on the back of the head and have strings coming from the foot of the crown.

Black velvet and straw hats are trimmed with black lace, feathers, and jet sprays and aigrettes; nothing can be more stylish and becoming than some of these models, and they are in striking contrast with the white straw hats which are lined and trimmed with different colors, as for instance, a hat of fine white straw with the edge of the brim rolled up a little towards the back and bent up in a peak in front. A wide band of brown velvet encircles the crown and the brim is lined with brown velvet, a coquettish little bow of the fashionable sky-blue ribbon, velvet filling in the opening. In front is a plume of beige feather tips shaded to brown, with a bow of shrimp pink satin ribbon on the slope of the brim on one side, and a bow of sky blue velvet lower down on the other side.

The best Parisian walking costumes have always been noted for their extreme simplicity; at present this tendency is more marked than ever, and there is nothing to say of the dresses one sees in the streets of Paris except that they are the very perfections of neatness and sobriety; combined with an accuracy of cut that raises them far above the level of very similar dresses made by less skilled couturieres.

Tweeds, cloths and cheviots are employed for these costumes, which are ornamented with a little passementerie, a well chosen braided design or wide, flat pipings of velvet; very often there is no trimming of any kind, unless rows of stitching may be reckoned as a trimming.

When it comes to indoor and visiting toilets, however, there is an end of simplicity, except in the matter of form, and varied colors, rich materials and costly embroideries and trimmings are used with lavish profusion for the dresses that are worn only indoors or for driving. The indoor dresses in particular, are very coquettish and elegant, whether intended for morning wear or for afternoon receptions.

Slightly draped tunics and polonaise are much used in making spring toilettes, but the draperies are in front and at the sides only, the back of the skirt is invariably mounted in plain pleats.

The fastening of bodices still remain in most cases invisible and as cross bodices continue in vogue, the fashion is easily followed. In some cases, however, the corsage is most complicated, its mysteries being a decided contrast to the extreme simplicity of the skirt.

Sleeves are made very high at the shoulder and either puffed or draped above the elbow; below the elbow they are very long and tight, to much so for the hand to pass through, and the sleeves is therefore buttoned on nearly to the elbow with very small buttons.

A charming dress with a draped tunic is in mouse grey velvet and bengaline in a lighter shade; the skirt and the left side of the low bodice are of velvet; the right side of the bodice cut in one with the tunic is very simply draped. The chemisette finished off round the neck with a velvet band is of surah mounted on velvet wristbands. This style of corsage, cut low over a full chemisette, is very much adopted for young ladies' dresses.

Evening and dinner toilettes are magnificently embroidered with gold and silver thread, feather trimming is often added, and the dress itself is composed of the richest faille combined with velvet or plush.

A new color for dresses is the anemone, a novel and improved tone of vieux rose, and this is often combined with a velvet skirt. At all events, at present velvet is extremely fashionable.

Shot silks are employed for the linings of cloaks, and for any other purpose where such linings are needed. We borrow our information from all sources, and one is the Benton dress, the idea inspired by the peasants' picturesque garb in Brittany. The skirt was tucked, and the bodice was trimmed like the Breton jackets; the skirt closely pleated at the back. An element of picturesqueness is what well dressed women greatly seek for in these days.

A word to the wise. Before having new dresses made, procure the best stays you can from the best makers, for particular attention is now directed to bodices, and no cut looks well unless the bodice fits to perfection, showing the figure at its best.

Next to fit, the most important part of the art of dress is color, and I realised this when I saw the range of unusually lovely tones of silks and other materials, as well as trimmings.

A pinky fawn and a rich petunia galon I have seen nowhere else, and my eye took in with infinite pleasure some subdued gold metallic galons, with which were interwoven a number of threads of silk of every tone—rich and full, yet subdued. With the style of modern dressmaking they gave the finishing touch, without which no gown is a success.

We are promised a warm summer, and at the present moment large houses are busy selling a large number of washing dresses. The cottons are so tempting, as far as material and style are concerned, and moreover, now that loose bodices are the fashion, it is possible to buy ready-made washing dresses at most reasonable terms. In the hands of a good dressmaker the cost of making up a cotton is almost as much as making up a a silk; the work, cutting and fitting, involve almost if not quite as much trouble, and yet is hard to have to pay so much for such perishable raiment. The sateens have been brought out with the usual pin spots and other small effects, and what we used to call the bird's-eye vogel is well to the fore. But the newest designs are charming flowers, natural in color and size, chine in their effect, mostly thrown on to a gold ground. Skeleton flowers in outline on a contrasting tone are new, and these are really handsome, but would not suit all tastes.

Lacelike leaves in two vivid tones are new, such as red and blue, green and brown, and sometimes sprays of flowers appear in such mixtures.

Crepe cloth is a most useful material, mad in cotton, which looks much better than it is, and is often used for quiet evening dresses, or tea jackets, or for the fronts of tea gowns. The white sateen (and white is likely to be much worn) have many of them open-work stripes woven like lace, while some have interwoven designs in a species of brocade which, instead of being white, are in the natural colors of the tiny flowerets, and are among the prettiest things I have seen. Colored spots are also thrown on white grounds.

Thick white dresses, made of duck and the heavy linen used for men's waistcoats, ar to be much the fashion; they are suited to the plain style of skirts now worn. If accompanied by a Louis XV coat, with steel or silver buttons, and full vests or tight waistcoats, they make singularly smart toilettes.

Odds and Ends.

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.

Cocoa Nibs.—Cocoa made from nibs is considered the most nourishing. The nibs must be steeped all night, and put to simmer (not boil) next day, in the same water, for six or seven hours. By simmering the good is extracted. When reduced to half the quantity, it is done, but it should be allowed to stand till settled, then skimmed. The great secret in making cocoa from the shell or nibs, is letting it simmer, not boil.

Tea Cakes.—Mix two pounds of sifted flour, one and three quarter pounds of cream-colored sugar, soft, and one and a half pounds of butter with seven eggs (or half these quantities), rubbing the flour and sugar together first, then the butter, as you would for shortbread; then add the whites of the eggs when they are beaten to to a stiff froth. Roll out the mixture very thin, and cut into biscuits with a paste cutter. Bake on a hot griddle. These are a delicious afternoon tea cake. Another recipe is as follows: Rub one half pound of batter into one pound of sifted flour, beat up an egg and mix it with half a pint of new milk and sweeten with one half pound of sifted sugar. Mix the flour and milk into a paste; roll it out thin, and cut it into any shape you like. Bake on a griddle, and when done let the cakes stand on their ends till cold.

Macaroni Mince.—Macaroni mince is tasty-looking and delicious; any cold meat, poultry or game can be used. The meat should be cut small and moistened with gravy, an equal weight of macaroni being separately boiled and cut into quarter-inch lengths; the whole is then made hot in a stewpan and piled on a hot dish, with croutons of fried bread as a garnish. If the meat used be white—viz., rabbit, veal, or chicken—a spoonful of cream is a good addition.

Baked Pike.—The dry flesh of the pike is much improved by the addition of a forcemeat made of eight minced oysters, two anchovies, two ounces of suet, three of breadcrumbs, mixed herbs, mace, salt and pepper to taste, the yolks of two eggs, and six tablespoonfuls of milk. When thoroughly mixed, stir in a stewpan over the fire till it thickens. Scale the fish, take out the gills, wash and wipe dry, cut it open, fill with the forcemeat and sew up; then skewer the tail into the mouth, brush the fish over with egg, sprinkle it with breadcrumbs, and taste with butter; put it into a hot oven, and, when nice and brown cover with buttered paper that the outside may not get too dry. Serve with melted butter and anchovy sauce.

Fried Anchovies (a very tasty dish).—Mix together one tablespoonful of olive oil and half a wineglassful of sherry, and add sufficient flour to make into a thickish paste. Clean and wipe dry twelve anchovies, dip them into the paste, and fry them of a nice brown color. Serve very hot, either on toast or without it as preferred. Sardines are very good treated in the same fashion.

Beef Cakes.—To every pound of cold roast beef allow a quarter of a pound of bacon or ham, pepper and salt to taste, one small bunch of savory herbs, and two eggs. Mince both the beef and the bacon very finely, and mix well together. Season it to taste, sprinkle in the herbs, and lastly add the eggs well beaten. Make it into small cakes about half an inch thick; fry them in hot dripping, and serve quickly with a good thick gravy poured over them.

Vegetable Goose.—Soak half a pound of breadcrumbs in cold water. Chop a large onion fine and mix with them. Add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley and mixed herbs, two onces of butter, and pepper and salt. The bread should have the water well squeezed out before the other ingredients are added. Butter a shallow baking dish, put in the mixture and bake for about an hour in a good oven. Cut in squares and serve hot.

Transparent Pudding.—Beat eight eggs thoroughly and add to them half a pound of sifted sugar and half a pound of butter beaten to a cream. Flavor to taste with any essence, add a little finely chopped candied peel if liked. Stir all together in a stew pan over the fire to thicken, but do not let it boil or it will be spoiled. Line a dish with puff paste, pour in the mixture, and bake in moderate oven.

Rhubarb Jam.—Peel and cut up the rhubarb, and boil till reduced to a pulp with a very little water; allow one pound of sugar one ounce of sweet almonds, blanched and chopped, and half a lemon, cut in slices, to every pound of pulp; boil for three-quarters of an hour, remove the lemon peel and put into pots.

Fish Forcemeat.—Have a pound of solid fish cleared from skin and bone; dry it in a napkin and mince it fine. Soak four or five ounces of bread without crust in milk, and press it out. Slice a small onion, and steam it in butter till quite soft, but not brown; rub it smooth in a mortar with the the drainings of the butter it was stewed in. Add two ounces more of butter, and stir it soft; then add the bread by degrees, two well beaten eggs, salt, pepper, a little nutmeg, and lastly the fish. Mix all well together, and form little balls to fry, or use as stuffing.

Carrot Jam.—Scrape and boil the carrots till tender, then mash them, and to each pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar and a pinch of ginger or any spice liked, something of the kind is almost necessary, and oil as for ordinary preserve.

Confidential Correspondents.

EDWARD.—The value of the British pound sterling in United States money is $4 87.

REX.—Wedding invitations should be sent out at least two weeks before the wedding day.

P. P. B.—Henry M. Stanley is a citizen of the United States. He was naturalized in New York city in 1885.

ASOOT.—Dreams have no meaning, they can always be traced to some suggesting cause; the merest trifle, that is forgotten as soon as it has happend.

ARTEMUS.—The government of Mexico is a republic, and comprises President, Upper House, Lower House, and Supreme Judiciary—all of which are chosen by popular suffrage.

ENID F.—1 A girl of fifteen is a child, in that she is under the control of her parents in everything; she may be womanly for her age and appear older, but she is a child for all that. 2. The meaning of the rose is love.

R.—There are no doubt depths of the ocean as deep as the highest known mountain (Mount Everest) is high. The greatest depth yet sounded, however, is only 5¾ miles, while the height of Mount Everest is 5½ miles.

LITTLE.—Perhaps your windows are too much exposed to the sun. It is very difficult to make anything grow properly in window boxes when that is the case; even constant watering is not effectual, the heat shrivels the plants up.

PARLEY.—A post-mortem examination was made upon the body of the great Napoleon, and the cause of death found to be cancer in the stomach. The reason of the post-mortem was to allay any suspicions as to the exile's end.

YOUNG M.—We have heard the old saying frequently, and there are many nurses now who would not cut a baby's nails on any account. There is no reason for biting them, as many women do; it is far nicer and neater to cut them.

WHITE.—1 The Romans were the first European nation to invade England, in the year 55 B. C. It was known as a country long before that date, its earliest records being Celtic traditions. 2. Jenny Lind was a celebrated Swedish singer.

RUSTICUS.—To clean a very dirty chamois skin, take a bucket of water, to which a moderate quantity of ammonia has been added; allow the skin to soak over night; the next morning rinse it out in pure water; then wash with plenty of pure white soap and water.

TYROL.—Nothing will remove the scars; they will get less apparent in time, but they will always remain. (2) Boils arise from many causes, poorness of blood being one. You should live well and take care of your general health. It might be as well to have medical advice.

ANXIOUS.—You can do nothing but wait, and let things right themselves. Probably your lover's parents very rightly consider that their son is far too young to think of taking a wife, hence their coldness. A lad of eighteen can hardly know his own mind on the subject; half-a-dozen years hence he will be more of an age to think of matrimony.

ROSABEL.—(1) The gentleman should offer an arm to each lady. (2) Let the husband take the elder or married one of the two ladies, and his wife follow with the other. (3) In this case, the husband and wife had better enter the room first, leaving the lady and gentleman friends to follow. (4) At a public ball it is not usual to see a young lady crossing the room by herself.

SYNTAX.—Noiseless gunpowder is not a new invention, it would seem. In the third chapter of the third volume of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography the author relates that, when suffering from fever in Ferrara, he cured himself by eating peacock-meat, and that he procured himself the birds surreptitiously, by shooting them with powder "invented by him, that made no noise."

INQUIRER.—The University of Pennsylvania requires a three-years course in medicine. At the close of the third year the students who have passed their examinations satisfactorily receive the degree of Doctor of Medicine if they have attained the age 21 years and be of good moral character. The examination upon entering consists of English grammar, Latin (Cæsar and Virgil) and arithmetic.

DIRECT.—"A quack doctor" is a corruption of the term "quake doctor," or ague doctor. The ague is known as the quake, and in fenny countries was generally treated by ignorant persons, who professed to charm away the disease. Hence the term, "quake doctor" arose, which has been corrupted into quack doctor. Another explanation derives the term from the fact that venders of salves or ointments used to frequent English fairs, markets and places of public resort, and loudly prate of their cures, and sing the praises of their nostrums, and pretend to medical skill. Their loud talking much resembled the noise of a duck, and they came to be called "quack salvers," since corrupted to quack doctors.

J. P.—If you burn gas without taking proper measures to carry off the foul hydro-carbon compounds, then you have a set of dangerous poisons confined in your rooms, and your children must suffer. You must have good ventilation, and the hot air which arises swiftly to the ceiling and the heavy gases which fall should alike be carried off as speedily as possible. American people—especially those who design public building—are almost sinfully careless in their management of the waste products of combustion; and we are sure that many obscure ailments arise from the dangerously fetid atmosphere breathed in some places of assembly. Your query is pertinent, and your theory is correct; compounds which kill a plant cannot be good for the human being.

VOTES.—The following definition of the phrase, "under the rose" may be accepted by "Molly" in support of her opinion: Sub rosa, under the rose, secretly. The rose was the symbol of silence. Guests at entertainments wore the flower as parts of the head dress. It was also hung or painted on the ceiling and tables. Hence communications made within doors, and in certain company, were said to be "under the rose," and thus understood to be in confidence. It appears that roses were first known in England in the early part of the Fifteenth Century, having been taken there from Italy. As the Catholic religion then predominated, roses were given as consecrated presents by the Pope of Rome, and were placed over the heads of those who came to confess, as symbols of secrecy. Hence the phrase, "under the rose."